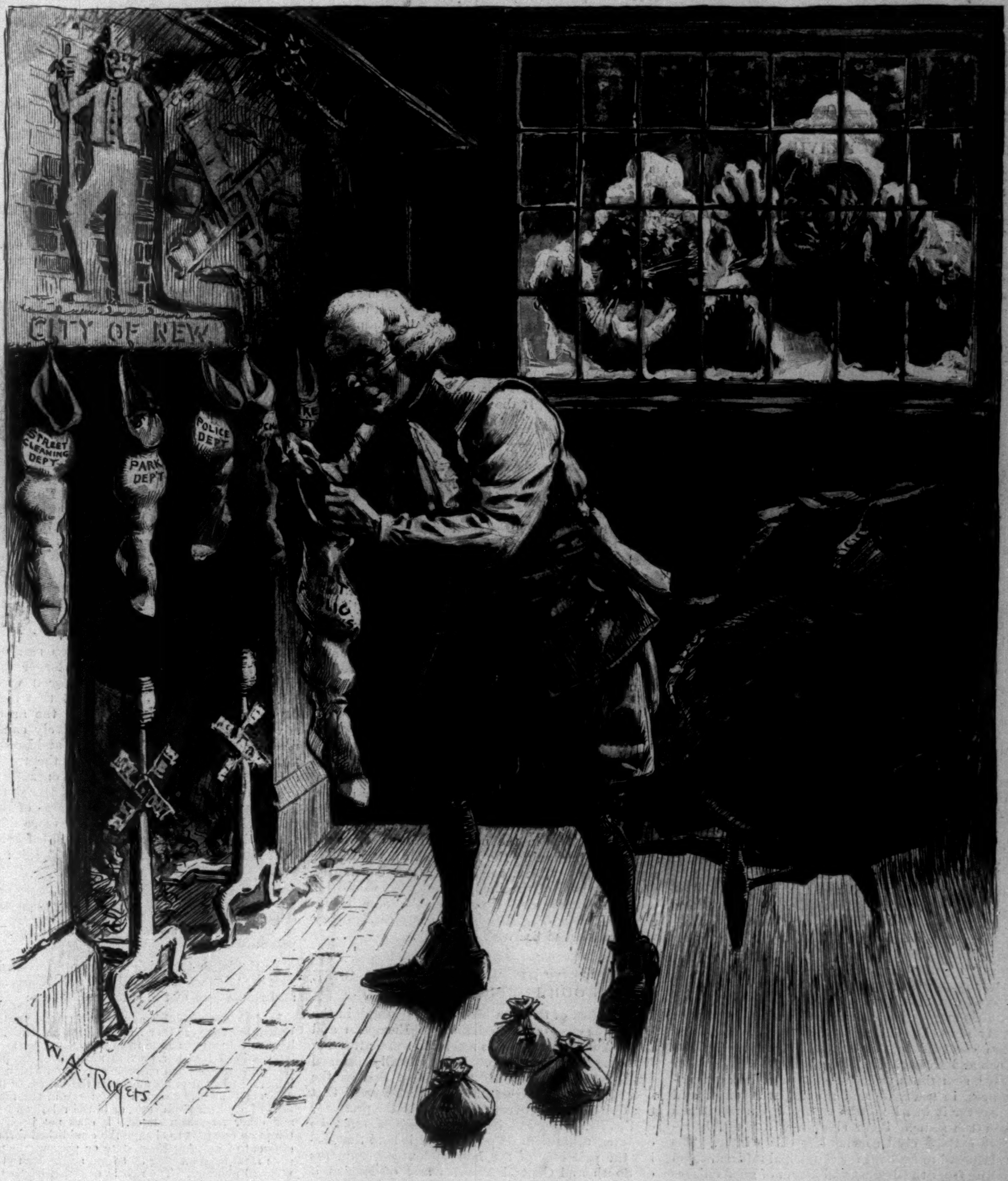
HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XL.—No. 2088.

Copyright, 1896, by Harper & Brothers.
All Rights Reserved
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1896.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.


CITY OF NEW
STREET CLEANING DEPT
PARK DEPT
POLICE DEPT
W. A. Rogers

FATHER KNICKERBOCKER'S CHRISTMAS.

ROVING RICHARD: "WHAT A BEASTLY WASTE! WE USED TO FILL ONLY ONE STOCKING IN MY DAY!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)
NEW YORK CITY, DECEMBER 26, 1896.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK, N. Y.

A Strong New Serial:

JEROME—A POOR MAN,

BY MARY E. WILKINS,

her most important novel, will begin with the first number of the new volume of HARPER'S WEEKLY, *January 2, 1897.*

MAILING-TUBES.

Upon request, copies of HARPER'S WEEKLY *will be mailed by the publishers in pasteboard tubes to any subscriber for seventy-five cents a year in addition to the regular subscription price. Single copies will be sent as above upon receipt of two cents extra per copy.*

THE PROGRESS OF CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

THE annual meeting of the National Civil Service Reform League, held in Philadelphia on December 10 and 11, was mainly devoted to a survey of the field as to the ground gained and still to be gained, and as to the dangers threatening the reform from various quarters. The progress made by the civil service reform movement in the last quarter of a century is fairly astounding. Twenty-five years ago its advocates counted only a handful. Their efforts to awaken a public interest in the subject met with but scant success. The first attempt to introduce the merit system in the government departments in Washington, which was made during General GRANT's second Presidential term, succumbed to the hostility of the spoils politicians in Congress, who refused to make the necessary appropriations. Under President HAYES civil service rules were established in the Interior Department in Washington and in the Custom-house and the Post-office in New York, and the active participation of public officers in party politics was largely stopped; but the earnest recommendations repeatedly addressed by the President to Congress utterly failed to bring forth the appropriation of the funds needed for a general introduction of the system. It is not even improbable that the partial advance made under President HAYES would have been lost again under the administration following had not a sort of political panic, which followed the elections of 1882, suddenly aroused a general interest in the subject, the result of which was the passage of civil service laws by the Congress of the United States, as well as by the Legislature of the State of New York. Since then the progress of the reform has been steady and rapid. It required only the presentation of the merit system in active practice on a large scale to commend it strongly to the good sense of the American people, and thus to insure its triumph.

At the close of President ARTHUR'S administration, in 1885, the number of officers and employees in the classified service under the national government was less than 15,000. To-day it is nearly 90,000. Such an increase would not have been possible had not the Presidents who successively ordered it become satisfied that the working efficiency and the moral tone of the administrative machinery of the government had been very greatly benefited by the merit system. It is thus not mere theoretical agitation of the subject, but the practical working of civil service reform, that has brought about the rapidly extending application of its methods after it was once fairly started. This extension has by no means been confined to the national service. In New York and Massachusetts the merit system has been tested, sometimes under most inauspicious circumstances, in the State and municipal services, and wherever it was honestly enforced, the result has been the same. Pennsylvania will probably receive a State civil service law this winter. The widespread movement for municipal reform, which sprung from the disgust and alarm of good citizens at the shocking misgovernment of our larger municipalities, soon developed the recognition of the fact that without the introduction and faithful enforcement of civil service reform methods no effective reform of municipal administration would be possible. The consequence has been the spontaneous springing up of municipal civil service reform movements all over the country. Chicago introduced the merit system in her municipal concerns by a majority of 50,000 votes at a popular election. Evanston, Illinois, followed suit. In New Orleans, Louisiana, in San Francisco and Los Angeles, California, in Seattle and Tacoma, Washington, in Wheeling, West Virginia, in Galveston, Texas, in Denver, Colorado, in St. Louis, Missouri, either provisions for the introduction of the merit system have already been placed in the city charters, or at least popular movements looking to that end are in progress.

The National Civil Service Reform League was therefore able to congratulate itself and the country not merely upon the progress of a theoretical propaganda, but upon the far more important fact that the civil service movement is now pushing itself forward by its own momentum, owing to the indisputable proof the merit system has furnished of the practical fulfilment of its promises. While thus the battle is morally won, the League could not close its eyes to the desperate efforts made by spoils politicians to recover some of the ground they have lost, by getting control of the machinery of the merit system, and by then destroying its essence while preserving most of its forms. Among the most notable of these efforts is that recently set on foot in New York by an association formed for that very purpose. At first its principal object seemed to be to transfer the management of the civil service examinations from the civil service commissions, State and municipal, to the heads of the various State or municipal departments. This would be a mere return to the practice which prevailed in the national government many years before the enactment of the civil service law, and under which the spoils system, with all its abuses and scandals, notoriously grew and flourished. For this programme a more elaborate platform seems to have been substituted, of which the following are the principal demands:

1. "To give the heads of departments in which applicants are to serve the right to approve or amend the questions which are to be asked in the examinations." What this would lead to we know from experience. If the questions to be asked in the examinations are brought to the knowledge of the man who is to make the appointments, they will very frequently also come to the knowledge of his favorite candidate, and the examination will be a farce. And we risk nothing in saying that the proposition is made for that very purpose.

2. "That all the applicants who reach the minimum percentage required shall be placed upon the eligible list, and that the appointing power may select any candidate who has been able to get on that list." This means the abolition of the competitive system, and a return to the pass examinations, which many years' experience in the national service have proved to be absolutely useless, and even demoralizing. Moreover, in this State such a change would be clearly unconstitutional, since the Constitution expressly demands competitive examinations whenever practicable.

Such attempts of small politicians to stem the onward march of civil service reform appear simply boyish. But if the Republican majority of the New York Legislature and the new Republican Governor should make similar attempts, the matter would gain a much more serious aspect. No doubt they would, whatever confusion they might cause for some time, ultimately fail in preventing the complete triumph of civil service reform in this State, as well as in the nation. But they would succeed in burdening the Republican party with a responsibility which, considering the constantly growing power of the independent vote, would on occasion become exceedingly troublesome in its consequences. The Republican party cannot play with that sort of fire with impunity.

THE EFFECT OF THE VENEZUELA CASE ON OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

THE effect of the administration's triumph in the Venezuela case on our relations to European and South American powers is receiving some attention from the European press. It is generally assumed by European writers on the subject that as the United States and Great Britain have agreed that the United States government shall be the protector of Spanish America, its responsibilities must be commensurate with its powers. It is held that, being the protector of the independent governments of South and Central America and of Mexico, if any of these governments offend a European power, this country may be held responsible by the offended nation. If the offending government refuses to pay its obligations to European creditors, the United States may be called upon to pay as an endorser. If the offence amounts to an act of war, ransom or indemnity or apology may be demanded of the United States; and in case of the refusal of our government to respond, we shall be obliged to undergo the perils and losses of war, to make costly vicarious sacrifice for the wards over which we have assumed guardianship. This is the opinion of the British and Continental press; and it is an opinion for which doubtless the basis is found in the sentence of Secretary OLNEY'S letter to Mr. BAYARD of July 20, 1895, in which he said, "To-day the United States is practically sovereign on this continent, and its fiat is law." Fortunately for Mr. OLNEY and for the country, he added—"upon the subjects to which it confines its interposition."

The MONROE doctrine did not apply to the controversy at the time when Mr. OLNEY wrote the letter from which we have quoted, nor at the time when the President issued his proclamation. In other words, it could not then have been said that England was trying to impose its political institutions upon Venezuela, because no one knew which party to the boundary dispute was right. Undoubtedly it was the President's right to endeavor to find the proper answer to the question, and it was the right and the duty of Congress to authorize the appointment of a commission to obtain the necessary information for him; but threats were not appropriate, and harsh language on our part was out of order, until we knew positively either that Great Britain was depriving Venezuela of land and jurisdiction that were her own beyond dispute, or that, the land and jurisdiction belonging to neither unquestionably, England proposed to settle the doubt by the employment of her superior force, and without in any way considering Venezuela's claims. But the question as to the applicability of the MONROE doctrine to the merits in this matter has now been set at rest by the consent of Great Britain to assume that the contention of the administration was correct.

The assertion that this agreement by England makes this country the protector of the Spanish American governments results from a strained interpretation of what has taken place. Undoubtedly our responsibilities may become more exacting, because the MONROE doctrine itself has become more authoritative if not more definite, and because the facts and circumstances of the boundary dispute may become a precedent for larger demands upon our intervention from other South or Central American countries, which will gladly accept dependency upon the United States in return for such material aid as we may render them against European enemies. But the position of the European press, and probably of many European statesmen, is that after this, if any European government has a grievance against any Spanish American country it may hold the United States responsible, and demand damages or reparation precisely, it seems, as it might hold the Federal government responsible for any infraction of our treaty or international obligations by one of our own States.

The arrangement which has been reached with Great Britain, however, cannot be larger than the claims advanced by Mr. OLNEY, for it was upon Mr. OLNEY'S letter of July 20, 1895, that the President's proclamation rested, while the arguments advanced in that letter presumptively caused the meeting of the minds of Mr. OLNEY and Lord SALISBURY which found expression in the treaty now awaiting the ratification of the Venezuelan government. An examination of that letter shows that Mr. OLNEY did not enlarge the scope of the doctrine. If anything, he stated it more definitely than it has ever been officially stated before. President MONROE, in the message of 1823, said:

> We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers [the powers of Europe] to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety.

In the letter to which we have referred, Mr. OLNEY explains what he holds to be "the precise scope and limitations of the rule" as follows:

> It does not establish any general protectorate by the United States over other American states. It does not relieve any American state from its obligations as fixed by international law, nor prevent any European power directly interested from enforcing such obligations or from inflicting merited punishment for the breach of them. I does not contemplate any interference in the internal affairs of any American state, or in the relations between i and other American states. It does not justify any attempt on our part to change the established form of government of any American state or prevent the people o such state from altering that form according to their ow will and pleasure. The rule in question has but a singl purpose and object. It is that no European power sha forcibly deprive an American state of the right and power of self-government and of shaping for itself its ow political fortunes and destinies.

This is the full claim made by Mr. OLNEY, an the assent of Great Britain cannot go beyond th demand. Under this statement of the MONRO doctrine the United States not only cannot object to the exercise of jurisdiction already possessed in America by a European power, but it cannot object to the voluntary establishment of a monarchical form of government by an American people, nor to the extension of European power on this continent so long as it is not a forcible extension—that is, the whole continent being occupied, so long as it is made on the invitation or with the consent of the American people immediately concerned.

The truth is that the United States has not assumed through this most recent statement and enforcement of the Monroe doctrine any new responsibility. The principle of the doctrine has not been changed by Mr. Olney, unless it has been narrowed by the implied assertion of the right of an American people to invite European political control. The doctrine still asserts that this country shall protect American political institutions against forcible overthrow by European powers. There has been no extension of the principle, but there has been a definite concrete application of the doctrine, which, as we have already said, will serve as a precedent; but as the doctrine can never be put in operation except by the United States, it is difficult to see how any new or further responsibility to European powers can be assumed by the United States except voluntarily. Each case will rest on its own merits, and consequently no responsibility to a European government can attach to this country until it has actually interfered against such government in behalf of some Spanish American power. It may be that some European power may hereafter claim that the bad conduct of some Spanish American power is due to its reliance on the expected friendship of this country; but so long as Mr. Olney's letter remains the latest document on the doctrine, or so long as his statement of it remains unchallenged in this country, it will only be necessary, in reply to such a claim, to point to the sentence in which it is announced that the doctrine "does not relieve any American state from its obligations as fixed by international law, nor prevent any European power directly interested from enforcing such obligations, or from inflicting merited punishment for the breach of them."

MR. CHOATE'S CANDIDACY.

Mr. Joseph H. Choate has been named as a candidate for the United States Senate to succeed Mr. David B. Hill and to defeat the aspirations of Mr. Thomas C. Platt. He was named in a resolution adopted on the 10th of December by the Union League Club of New York, and in a letter addressed to Mr. William D. Guthrie, who offered the resolution in the club meeting, Mr. Choate responded that "in view of the present political conditions in this State" he would be a candidate. These conditions were in some measure set forth by Mr. Guthrie in the speech which he made in support of his resolution. He said that "there never has been a time since the foundation of this government when the Federal Senate stood in greater need of the highest order of ability, integrity, and patriotism"; that "we are confronted by unexampled problems and great dangers." He urged the necessity of struggling for Mr. Choate's election, although the chance of success might seem to be small. He alluded to the "political corruption" which might triumph—of course in the election of Mr. Platt—and said: "There is only one condition of public life worse than political corruption. It is indifference or acquiescence—submission without protest, surrender without striking a blow." He insisted that if the people of the State could choose their Senator directly, Mr. Choate's "election would be assured by an overwhelming vote," and in view of the ideal candidate, of the need of him, and of the people's wish for him, he asked, "Who shall say that that majority [of the Legislature] is now pledged in some obscure or secret or corrupt way to any man?"—meaning Mr. Platt as the man to whom the majority is charged, and with much reason, with being thus pledged.

After this speech, we read with surprise a comment by Mr. Guthrie on a public statement made by Dr. Parkhurst in advocacy of Mr. Choate's election. In this statement Dr. Parkhurst said, among other things, and said truly, of Mr. Platt, that "in all the hard-fought battle that has been waged here in our city for municipal purification he rendered us no help, and intimated to us no sympathy....His alliances are with Tammany Hall....If Mr. Platt becomes Senator, it will be because he has paralyzed the moral sense of the public by an effrontery that has forgotten the art of blushing, and because he and his accomplices have fooled the intelligence of the public by a jugglery that is reputed to have lost the faculty of remorse." There are some things in Dr. Parkhurst's letter that might better have been omitted, but the sentences we have quoted are true, and we are surprised to read that Mr. Guthrie not only disapproves of the whole of Dr. Parkhurst's attack, but adds, "No one of us who are desirous of seeing Mr. Choate in the United States Senate will for one moment tolerate or sanction any personal attack on Mr. Platt." If this is the kind of campaign that is to be waged, we can tell Mr. Guthrie that he may as well drop Mr. Choate and support Mr. Platt outright.

Mr. Choate is the ablest Republican in the State who can be chosen Senator, and even he cannot be chosen if Mr. Platt desires to be elected himself, unless the majority of the Republican legislators are beaten into rational and righteous action by such an outburst of public indignation that they will be afraid to remain loyal to the master who has made them what they are. Such an expression of popular wrath can be excited only by the war into which Mr. Guthrie declines to enter.

The reason for preferring Mr. Choate is not merely because he is a distinguished lawyer, and not merely because if he were made Senator the State of New York would once more, and after a long interval, be represented in the Senate by a man worthy of the Chamber, of its history and its traditions. He is also to be preferred because he is the only man named, or to be named, against Mr. Platt, and because Mr. Platt is a bad man, unfit both intellectually and morally to be a United States Senator. Mr. Platt belongs to the school of politics in which Mr. Hill and Mr. Murphy have attained prominence and Senatorships. He is not only a "boss," but a leader in that "political corruption" than which, Mr. Guthrie says, there is only one worse condition of public life, and that is "submission without protest, submission without a blow." Mr. Choate's candidacy is to be the protest and the blow. It is to be a protest against ignorance of public law and public questions in high places, against indifference to principle, against the conduct of the government for the benefit of the "boys" instead of for the general welfare—of all of which Mr. Platt is the chief Republican exponent in this State. It is to be a blow at the arts of the politician who uses his influence to blackmail corporations, and who expends part of the proceeds of the plunder in electing his tools to the Legislature, where they, in their turn, may "strike" and thrive. It is a blow against that kind of municipal government in which Mr. Platt was a partaker, and for the restoration of which he doubtless ardently wishes—a kind of government under which this city suffered from the rule of criminals and their aiders and abettors. If Mr. Choate's candidacy is not such a protest and such a blow, it is nothing at all. It will not excite the interest of the public, nor command the respect of those who admire Mr. Choate as a man and a lawyer, but who know that character and courage are of more importance in this struggle than ability and eloquence, and that character is only to be displayed by a strong fight against Mr. Platt's personality.

If Mr. Guthrie is to persist in refusing to "sanction any personal attack on Mr. Platt," the sooner he withdraws from active participation in this contest the better for the cause he advocated so strongly only to fly from it at the first appearance of the enemy's shadow. Mr. Choate ought to be elected Senator, but he will not be unless a vigorous and successful "personal attack" is made upon Mr. Platt, and on this point we presume that Mr. Choate agrees with what we have said, since he bases his acceptance of the nomination by the Union League Club on the fact that "present political conditions in this State" demand that he try "to serve the people of the State and the nation."

CHRISTMAS AND CHRISTMAS GIVING.

Christmas as a season for the exchange of gifts shares the imperfection of all things mundane. People who undertake to give Christmas presents to a large circle of relatives and friends, and who have the means of carrying out their purpose, find the labor of selection and purchase very considerable, and however they systematize it, they get tired. They sigh, and say it is hard work; but they don't complain very strenuously, for buying has its delights, and so has giving, even when the giving has come to be a little too much like swapping to suit the Christmas ideal.

People, too, who have emancipated themselves from the practice of giving by wholesale, and have given up making long lists beforehand and trying to work them off, get on very well. They make their gifts to children, and to the few for whom they happen at Christmas-time to feel a special sentiment that calls for expression. Their Christmas shopping is quickly done, and the pecuniary deficit that follows it is not serious enough to cause anxiety or embarrassment. The very poor don't complain of the burdens of Christmas; they simply decline to assume them, having neither the money in hand nor the credit upon which holiday disbursements depend. The people who suffer are those who undertake more than they can afford, or who wish to meet Christmas with a free hand, and do so without being at the pains of making due preparation. The folks who work over their Christmas presents for months beforehand, and who pinch and scrape with timely thrift that they may have wherewith to express their affection when Christmas comes, find the satisfactions that their forethought deserves. There is nothing to be said in discouragement of their giving. It is worth what it costs, and is a luxury that they are entitled to enjoy. But for those who are lavish without first being thrifty, and who make gifts not because they wish to, but because they are ashamed not to, the harassments of the holiday season outrun its pleasures, and no wonder they speak of it with petulance and view its departure with relief.

Don't make a task and a burden of Christmas. It is too good a season to be so misused. Take it easy. If you have not been able to provide beforehand against its opportunities, practise reasonable self-denial, and let most of them pass unimproved. Receive all that is given to you graciously and with appreciation, remembering that to receive with grace is quite as important in holiday transactions as to give with good-will. Give no more than you can afford. Luckily for you if your purse is not equal to your good intentions; you will find that the presents which it would be hardest for you to neglect are not those that cost the most, but simple things for children, and people less prospered in this world's goods than yourself. To give to the poor is a luxury of comparatively small cost, but to give to the rich is very apt to be a serious expense—not because rich people value your gift for its intrinsic worth, but because of the dimensions of your own notion of what is worthy to be offered to people who already have everything they need.

Give freely of affection. It may cost you something, but it won't leave you in debt. Have fun if you can, and make all the happiness you can for other people, even if you have to take trouble about it. You may not be able to be munificent, but you certainly can afford to be unselfish; and if Christmas brought about a general prevalence of kindness and unselfishness among Christmas-keepers, the chief end of it would be quite as effectually attained as by ever so universal a transfer of commodities between relatives and friends. The giving of presents is only a means to an end. The end is love and good-will. If those sentiments are in your heart, it matters not greatly whether your pocket be long or lean. Christmas will be Christmaslike to you, and you will find means to make it Christmaslike to others.

NOT A FIT PLACE FOR A BALL.

That was a disquieting report which went abroad the other day that the committee which has charge of the inauguration of Mr. McKinley had discovered in the new Congressional Library Building an admirable place to hold the inauguration ball. What added discomfort to the report was that Mr. Hanna, solicitous for the glories of the inauguration, had himself been to see the Library, had been impressed by its beauties, and had concurred with the opinion of his colleagues that the ball would be gloriously housed there. No doubt the committee and Mr. Hanna were right. The Library is an exceedingly handsome building, and while it was not built for any sort of public assembly, much less such a crowded merrymaking as an inauguration ball, no doubt a highly satisfactory ball could be held there. But while the building is adaptable—at rather serious cost of removing fixtures designed to facilitate the use of books, and already carefully arranged—to the uses of the ball, the ball could by no conceivable means be made to suit the Library. Many of the admirable decorations, of which the American people have so much reason to be proud, and which they owe to the aspirations, the management, and the taste of Mr. E. P. Casey, abetted by patriotic artists who gave their work for far less than its money value, are so placed as to be almost sure to suffer serious damage from the presence of such a crowd as the ball would attract. These decorations are far too important and valuable to trifle with or expose to risks. Already some of them have suffered from the barbarity of relic-hunting visitors. Mr. Spofford, the Librarian, has not failed to point this out, and the joint committee of Congress which concerns itself with the Library and its interests has joined him in remonstrating against the proposed misuse; and it is now announced that though Mr. Hanna's heart was set on holding his ball in the people's Library, he has decided to respect the proprieties and not to press Congress for the necessary permission. Whatever Mr. Hanna's strength may be, he would have gone seriously amiss were he to have used it for any such purpose. To hold the ball in the Library would have been vandalism; and the objections to it were so obvious and conclusive that little surprise will be felt that the plan has been abandoned.

THE DEATH OF MACEO.

Beyond question, the death of Maceo is a very severe blow to the Cuban cause. As a guerilla, a partisan leader, he is entitled to rank among the most famous and successful in history. With all the circumstances that have favored the insurgents taken into consideration, their acclimatization, their knowledge of the ground, and their ability to rely upon popular sympathy, the long resistance they have offered to immensely superior number is a gallant achievement. Even more striking is the boldness of their leadership, which took the offensive at times when the chances even of successful defence seemed desperate, and made forays almost at will over nearly the whole area of the island. To whatever share of the credit for these things the strategy of Gomez may be entitled, they would have been impossible but for Maceo, the bold, enterprising, and resourceful commander in the field.

The death of Maceo, and the sequel to it, can hardly fail to have some effect in increasing the tension of the relations between Spain and the United States. Happily, however, the proceedings had in Congress do not indicate that that body is disposed to intemperate action. If the case had come up a year sooner, it might have been apprehended that a Republican Congress would hasten to discredit a Democratic administration. The temptation to such a course is very much weakened by the fact that the election has been already held, and that any pit which Congress might dig for President Cleveland is more likely to be occupied by his successor than by himself. What the policy of the administration is towards Cuba was reported in these columns a fortnight ago. It is a policy to the success of which a primary necessity is the abstention by Congress of any inflammatory action. Even inflammatory speech would endanger it, by indisposing Spain to listen even to friendly and well-meant counsel, and Congress seems likely to take this view.

EMMA EAMES.

WE are frequently reproached in America with exacting from our singers, native born and often native taught, a foreign reputation, the seal of European approval, before we take them to our own critical affections. The charge is too often set down without keeping in mind the excuse. The widest fame comes through the opera-house. In our country, the operatic artist who expects to earn his or her bread and butter by the profession of opera-singing in grand opera, still must go abroad to be sure of the chances of doing so; and stay abroad much of the time in cities where opera is a national or municipal enterprise, with long engagements and secure salaries not open questions. It is true that in a star company, under such an affluent system as is that of the Metropolitan Opera-house in New York, there is a chance for a firm recognition of a singer's merit, and for a good price for one's good voice. But New York city is one of three or four cities in all the wide United States that seem to present an operatic enterprise with something like permanency and distinction. Even thus, there is a semblance of its being a settled venture rather than the real thing. The course of opera locally is liable to a dozen upsets. The seasons are short. The distance is long. All one's eggs are too much in one basket. And, unluckily, such a state of music is likely to continue for many years, until all over our country the smaller but wealthy and cultivated cities carry on their own opera seasons, raise their own guarantee funds, and are tolerably independent of one another.

When Madame Emma Eames came to us in 1891, and on a certain memorable night in late December made her début before her own compatriots as Juliette in Gounod's opera, no large portion of her New York audience had heard her. It is even doubtful if a large fraction of it had really distinguished her name in foreign musical correspondence until almost the time of the season's announcements. Madame Eames, however, had been winning great applause in Paris in the very part chosen for her first home-appearance. But favor, even great favor, from the Parisian public depends on conditions that *nous autres américains* do not always endorse. Moreover, this young New-Englander had first faced the Opéra audience only in 1889. But from that first night at the old Metropolitan the spell of Emma Eames became potent in her own country, and its ample esteem of her grew into a settled matter. The American soprano's singular beauty of person, the brilliant quality of her large voice, its security, its freshness, its absolute finish of management, all went together toward an appealing blending of things natural and things artistic. That season, withal, any singers in Italian and French opera, not to say any singers not German in art, had difficult audiences to please. For in 1891–2, Messrs. Abbey and Grau strove to seduce with sweet sounds a public largely resolved on German opera and opera in German, just laid aside by the directors of the Metropolitan; and there was much shrugging, sniffing, and sulking. But by the end of the season—Madame Eames's first one—the disgruntlement was wonderfully evaporated. The stocks and stones yielded to Orpheus. Wagner in German was not regarded as necessary to musical salvation and the cost of a stall.

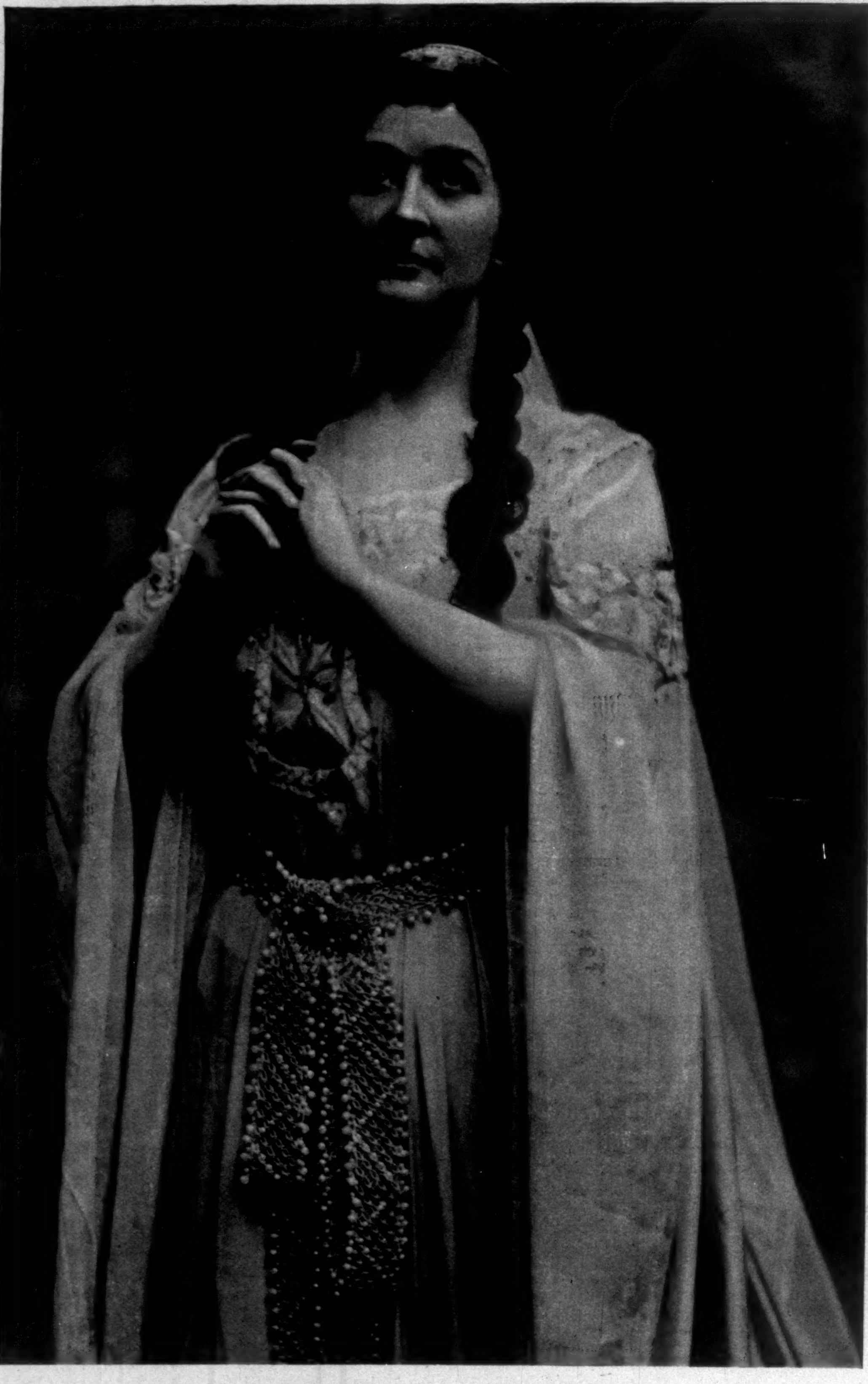
That season and the one next adding her to the Metropolitan troupe (she has been with us every other winter, so to say, since the present management controlled the Opera-house), presented her successively as Juliette, Santuzza, Elsa, and Marguerite. Then came an absence, in which, despite efficient substitutes, Madame Eames was missed. Her next visit home (unless she calls Paris even now her home) brought her before us in more versatility—as Wagner's Eva, as Massenet's Charlotte, Verdi's Mrs. Ford and Desdemona, Bizet's Micaela, and Mozart's Countess Almaviva, in addition to parts assumed earlier. And with this season there was noticeable not only the enlargement of the American singer's fine voice, but a deepening of her whole dramatic sense. It was as if her temperament were awakening. It was as if she read new and deeper things than ever before in her scores and in her own heart, as an actress and in what acting in high opera should be.

This increase in the whole appeal and scope of Madame Eames's art and work has lately reached so high a demonstration that it has surprised even her most critical critics. As the process is shown now, it marks out for her a future far more flattering, of richer meaning and dignity, than any Parisian triumphs could have suggested to us. The inspiration of Wagner has come to her. Her Elsa, in particular, is now sung with a feeling that was but little a part of her older and colder assumption of it, acted with an expressiveness in much worthy of the best German stage-traditions. Her Elizabeth, too, often mounts toward the height of true fervor—though there is yet to be put into this part a quality that we may expect Madame Eames will add to it. And as to Wagnerian rôles, we wait with interest not only her Senta, but Emma Eames as Brünnhilde and even Isolde. A passion and freedom and the hint of spontaneous portrayal of feeling are part and parcel of her expositions to-day in a measure not usual, quite aside from the fact that her ambition and restless affection for her art have made her learn a new language—or learn her rôles in it—to sing German music. She is taking a new stature to herself, much as was the case with Madame Nordica; and in each case intellectual acuteness and a fuller voice had come together. Let us not expect, however, that her sense of Wagnerian values will make her less acceptable in the truer, because more lyric, use of her superb soprano, or that she will sacrifice herself unduly to the composer who develops the intellect in opera more or less at the expense of the operatic voice. Certainly Madame Eames shows no signs of that error to-day. A review of her repertory makes her still on the safe side.

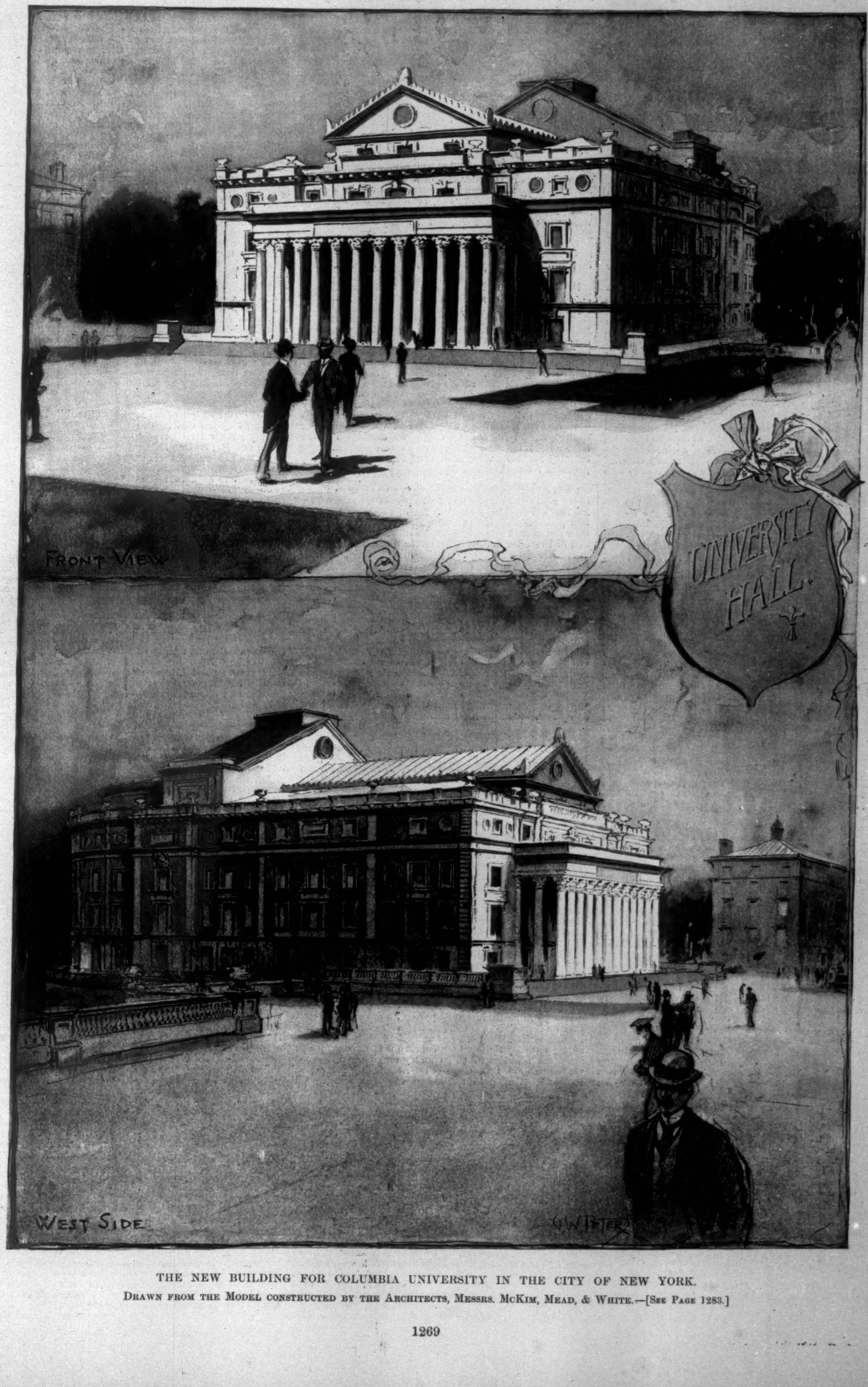
The operatic conditions of our Metropolitan make exceptional demands on the equipment of a singer of either sex. Some of the conditions to be met, as initial, are hardly kind. Our handsome lyric theatre is a very large one—the largest opera-house in the world so far as concerns the size of the stage half of it and the seating capacity of the towering auditorium. The voice must be a voice of the largest volume, or it will be needful to force the tones over and over beyond the demands of such houses as London, Paris, Vienna, and Milan offer. An organ of excellent traits, a vocal art of no commonplace kind, and such matters as delicate touches of action in a part—all are apt to suffer in the Metropolitan. A whole repertory of standard operas is out of the question in it. The objections made frequently to the limited series of works offered from season to season are more or less to be answered by pointing out the fact that only operas of the fullest sonority are at their best in the Metropolitan's area. Madame Eames, fortunately, is able as well as willing to meet the difficulties so built up architecturally around a singer in sheer stone and iron and plaster. Her knowledge of the stage as it is taught in a French dramatic atmosphere has given place to a larger style. The histrionism is more vivid. The facial expressions, gestures, and poses now are studied with an eye to the unusual breadth and height of the stage-picture that a Metropolitan prima donna must dominate, and of which her presence must be the centre. Her voice has a carrying power as well as a size that enables her to seem at ease in the huge scene about her, and her mere vocalization does not suffer from her surroundings. She makes Wagner's Elsa a study not dwarfed by any fellow-singer in *Lohengrin*. We can see her at her best, too, in Mozart's *Wedding of Figaro*. Mozart with Madame Eames is no merely elegant lyrist. She is able to put into his pages the dramatic shades that only the unintelligent and unsympathetic miss there, when turning his recitatives and arias into music-lessons.

To be versatile is a professional gift perhaps less dangerous to the dramatic and musical artist than to any other. In fact, in the case of the artist on the stage, the versatility is apt to be on a level with his or her intellectuality, and it widens as the temperament and insight widen. Madame Delna has it. The lamented and wonderful Madame Carvalho had it. Campanini possessed it. Miss Annie Louise Cary, one of the most superior of American operatic artists, was notable for it. Madame Nordica has great versatility. Madame Calvé's exhibitions of the trait are more than sufficient. Madame Eames is to be classed now honorably among singers who show a refined and intelligent versatility. Her romantic Elsa is not better than her very mundane and womanly Countess Almaviva—one of her very best rôles—in fact, an example of her distinction as a Mozart interpreter; her Mrs. Ford is a charmingly sprightly characterization, and her Desdemona another Shakespearian type that she realizes exceptionally in every expression and movement. The versatility extends to a degree that Madame Eames's closest critics would not have prophesied three years ago. Indeed, in considering the lyric beauty and newer dramatic sensitiveness that she shows us to-day, it is an easy matter to suppose that even as successful a period of her career as the present one may be but the preface to an operatic authority much fuller, broader, and more distinguished.

E. IRENAEUS STEVENSON.



EMMA EAMES AS ELSA IN "LOHENGRIN."
FROM A COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPH BY AIMÉ DUPONT.


FRONT VIEW
UNIVERSITY HALL.
WEST SIDE
G.W. PETERS

THE NEW BUILDING FOR COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

DRAWN FROM THE MODEL CONSTRUCTED BY THE ARCHITECTS, MESSRS. McKIM, MEAD, & WHITE.—[SEE PAGE 1283.]

THIS·BUSY·WORLD

The first reports of the resignation of President Potter, of Hobart College seem to have been garnished with somewhat more details than the facts warranted. This much appears clear at this writing, that Dr. Potter, who has recently had severe illnesses, finds the labors of his present office too great for his strength, and intends to return to Schenectady, long his home and that of his father before him, and live there. The statement that he will be a lecturer in Union College, of which, as will be remembered, he was president before he went to Geneva, is somewhat confused by contradictions; and if he is to form new relations with Union, it is not yet clear what they will be. Dr. Potter will find Schenectady the more agreeable in that the painful division of sentiment among the supporters of Union, which figured among the causes which induced him to resign the headship of that university, seems now to have run its course, so that all the backers of the university are able once more to work together.

It would appear that there would be no great reason for surprise if we should read any morning in the newspapers that a silent and determined crowd of spectral figures disguised as Indians had broken overnight into the Boston Public Library under cover of electric light, dragged the Macmonnies "Bacchante" from its refuge, carried it in procession to the end of India Wharf, and intrusted it to the seclusion of the harbor. It begins to be fairly questionable whether anything since the Stamp Act has been offered to Boston which so many of her citizens don't want as the "Bacchante." The opposition does not seem to abate. The image's name has been cut down to two syllables for convenience of discussion, and by that and other titles Mr. McKim's gift is denounced and berated in sundry of the public prints. The opposition includes all sorts of elements, from President Eliot and Professor Nor[illegible] to the "friends of temperance" and the amalgamated Methodist clergy. Dr. William Everett declares that the statue is petty, and that the expression is "wholly vulgar." He is solicitous, too, for the safety of the baby. Artists who write to the *Transcript* say the image is much too small for the place, and deride it on general grounds. Schoolteachers and parents say it is naked, and unsuited to the contemplation of children, and foes of rum say that it strikes the temperance agitation fairly between the eyes. Not the Heine fountain itself was more thoroughly looked in the mouth than this joyous "Bacchante." By no means may it yet be said that her continuance in Boston is assured.

The sentiment known as "the old Harvard spirit" is said to have had a real awakening at the mass-meeting of students held in Cambridge on December 14 to say good-by to Mr. Lehmann. There were three speakers, Colonel Higginson, who gave Harvard the Soldiers' Field, Dr. William Everett, and Mr. Lehmann himself. Much that was worth saying was well said, and appreciation of Mr. Lehmann's altruistic labors in behalf of Harvard boating was very warmly expressed. Mr. Lehmann sailed for home on December 16, and will return in the spring to go on with his work. Pains has been taken to contradict a misstatement that some of the newspapers published, that he was paid in some form for his services. His work, past and to come, for Harvard, is absolutely without compensation, and he even pays his own personal expenses while here. Not the least valuable of his services is that which he renders to amateur sport in illustrating by his own proceedings his idea of what becomes an amateur sportsman. His address in Cambridge the other night touched in a serious and high-minded way upon the true ends of athletics, and the underlying purposes which should inspire them.

There are lamentations nowadays, by-the-way, over the dearth of "the old Harvard spirit," and the inadequacy of the social apparatus which used to be useful in nursing it. Correspondents declare that the prevailing Harvard sentiment is, "Every man for himself"; that the club system, which answered tolerably for a thousand men, is hopelessly inadequate for the needs of four thousand, and that a very large majority of the students are unrelated social particles drifting about in a medium highly unfavorable to the development of their affinities. Various schemes are mooted for mending this evil state—a university club; the Oxford plan of separate colleges; the assignment of rooms in the yard to all Freshmen, to hold for two years. Meanwhile the authorities show neither agitation nor distress, considering, possibly, that the common yearning after erudition should be a sufficient tie for college undergraduates, or perhaps that intellectual achievement prospers in inverse proportion to social delights.

A reader of the **Weekly**, who thinks that "Eastern folk are apt to look upon Western cities as being quite diffident in support of music and art," writes, not without pride, from Kansas City, to say that that town "supports enthusiastically and in the most substantial manner two orchestras—the Symphony Society, with John Behr as conductor, and the Philharmonic Orchestra (Carl Busch, conductor), which gives popular concerts Sunday afternoons." Each of these institutions, says this correspondent, is in its second season. The average attendance at the Symphony Society's concerts this year has been about 1300, and at the Philharmonic nearly 900, and constantly increasing. Particularly notable is the enterprise of the Symphony Society in giving the final rehearsal before each concert in the auditorium of the Central High-School, before 1800 students, thus cultivating the musical taste of the rising generation, and providing for its future support. The students greatly like these concerts, and issue regular programmes of them. Kansas City has about 175,000 people, and doubtless, like most other Western cities, has a large German population, which must have music, and is ready to take the necessary trouble and pay the price.

The proposal to erect a statue to MacGahan, the famous war correspondent, somewhere in New York, will doubtless be received with conflicting emotions by New-Yorkers who love peace and a quiet life. The project is far enough advanced for Mr. Charles H. Niehaus to have been chosen as the sculptor, and to have submitted three models, from which the committee, of which Messrs. Murat Halstead and Frank D. Millet are members, have made a choice. The office of the fund is at 29 Park Row. MacGahan, artistically treated in his war-correspondent clothes, would look well in bronze; that much at least is in the statue's favor. But the committee talk about a site somewhere near the City Hall, and of course, before such a site is accorded, the gallant war correspondent's title to it will be carefully sifted and discussed. MacGahan died in 1878, towards the end of the Turco-Russian war, of typhus fever, at Pera, while acting as correspondent of the London *News*. He was war correspondent of the New York *Herald* for several years, and especially during the Franco-Prussian war, and the Carlist war in Spain. His memory is said to be piously cherished in Bulgaria in consideration of the important effect of his letters about the Bulgarian atrocities in stirring up Christian Europe against the Turks. If the statue is made, Bulgaria is to be invited to contribute. MacGahan's widow lives in New York, and his only son was lately graduated from Columbia.

War correspondents of distinction ought to have honorary titles. Plain "Mr." does not suit the character of their profession, and yet the military titles are not theirs.

It seems that the New York State Capitol at Albany, known in some parts of the State as the Public Calamity, and still unfinished after twenty-five years of appropriations, is already unequal to the demands made upon it. It shelters the State Library, among other things, and that is reported to be in the chronic condition of most great libraries—short of shelf room for its acquisitions. The library, at its present rate of increase, needs half a mile of new shelving a year. The State Senate has made a demand upon it for two rooms which had been accorded to its use, and which the Senate desires for committee-rooms. The Regents, who have the control of the library, are very disinclined to spare these rooms, and the prospect seems to be that the committees will use them without requiring the removal of the books. Out of the discussion of the matter has come the expression of a desire for a separate building for the library, in which quarters might also be provided for the Court of Appeals.

Such reports as the newspapers give us of the debates in the Senate will be read with exceptional interest for the internal evidence they may contain of the benefits of the new process of ventilation, through chair legs, which has been introduced into the Senate-Chamber under the direction of Professor Woodbridge, of the Boston Institute of Technology. Of course, if there is to be ventilation through the legs of a chair, the chair must remain on the floor, and if the legs of the chairs of the Senators themselves are used for ventilation it is not quite apparent how the fathers are protected in the right of every free-born American legislator to tip back on occasion and put his feet on something. Probably the Senatorial chairs are not a part of the ventilating apparatus. The old benches in the galleries, however, have been taken out and replaced by fixed theatre chairs, through the supports of which the air circulates freely. It is the opinion of many citizens of New York that Professor Woodbridge's apparatus would be efficiently supplemented by the volume of fresh and vibrant air the presence of which in the Senate-Chamber would be promptly coincident with the selection of Mr. Joseph Choate as the successor of Senator Hill.

A reader of the **Weekly** finds fault with this department of it because of a paragraph approving certain action of the Old South Church in Boston in retaining its old communion service in preference to the popular new choice for individual communion cups. In the case of the Old South the sentimental preference for the old service was particularly strong and well grounded. It may be well enough to state, however, that the reasons given for preferring the newer method recommend themselves to most hygienic experts and to very many other people, and that the innovation seems to be winning general favor in Protestant churches. There seems to be no good religious or ecclesiastical reason why people who prefer individual cups should not use them, though perhaps a layman may be pardoned the opinion that, practically, the perils of the old system are not critically serious. It has always been known that in the midst of life we are in death, but since microscopy has revealed so much we appreciate the uncertainties of our existence more exactly than we did. It seems that we have to take chances by wholesale every breath we draw, and every time we ride in a street car, or swallow a drop of liquid or a morsel of food. Small wonder if to the unlearned among us it seems as if a few chances more or less do not greatly signify.

Every ordinarily informed person knows what "Grand Prix de Rome" stands for, and has read of its capture by French artists, sculptors, and musicians who became famous; but only those whose concern it is to be informed about art interests in this country are more than very vaguely aware that there is an American academy at Rome, where American students who win the Roman prize go for the education of their taste and the development of their skill. Evidence of the existence and usefulness of this academy appeared in the first annual exhibition of the work of its students, given last week at the Fine Arts Building, 215 West Fifty-seventh Street.

The academy, which began in 1894, under the direction of Mr. Austin W. Lord, in temporary quarters in the Palazzo Torlonia, was the outcome of the desires and efforts of a group of architects who wished that American art might profit by the inspirations and lessons of Rome. They undertook to furnish annually a prize of a thousand dollars a year for three years, to be awarded after a competition open to graduates of American schools of architecture or (American) members of the École des Beaux-Arts in Paris. They provided also a place in Rome where their students should work, and a competent director of their studies. Beginning thus with architecture, the academy was moved, in October, 1895, into a settled home in the Villa dell' Aurora, on the Pincian Hill, and not far from the Villa Medici, where the French Academy is domiciled. With this location its friends are fully satisfied. Since then its abilities have been enlarged by the establishment of two scholarships for sculptors out of funds left by the will of Mr. William H. Rinehart, of Baltimore, each of which pays its holder a thousand dollars a year for four years. Still more recently it has been arranged that the beneficiary of the Lazarus Scholarship for the study of mural painting, with an income of $1000 a year for three years, shall be a member of the academy, and it is hoped that before long some one will provide for a student of music. There is actually, therefore, now at Rome an American academy, housed in a villa of ideal fitness for the purpose, which is the headquarters of at least seven American students of art who have demonstrated their worthiness to enjoy special opportunities to develop their talents and their taste. It is provided that all of these students shall spend part of their time in travel and observation in Greece, Italy, and other countries. The committee anticipate the further enlargement of their scheme, and hope for many more scholarships, and such endowments as are needed to put the academy upon a sure and permanent foundation.

When Mr. Carl Schurz, in speaking of the progress of civil service reform, declared that the cause won its Gettysburg under President Cleveland, and would win its Appomattox under President McKinley, he not only expressed opinions and hopes in which most good citizens concur, but he set an excellent example in the use of metaphorical language. The popular synonym for defeat is Waterloo. Mr. Schurz might have said that the enemies of civil service reform would meet their Waterloo under McKinley, instead of which he rung in a contemporaneous, home-made American word (two of them, indeed), which is even more conclusive in sound and suggestion than its Belgian rival, and carries its idea vividly into every American ear. We have excellent battles in our history, with resounding names. It is well that we should be taught to use them more freely in our daily business of conveying our ideas.

The seventh edition of the New York Charities Directory, published by the Charity Organization Society (105 East Twenty-second Street), is out, and a remarkable publication it is. It gives more than 500 pages of information about 2040 institutions and societies; tells of the courts, churches, schools, consuls, and other apparatus of the city; tells where to be born, to be brought up, to be taught, to be cured, to be corrected, to be employed, to die, and to be buried. It is a fascinating book, and very surprising in both the quantity and quality of its information to any one who sees it for the first time.

There are two new French Academicians, as to whom the fact that will most interest the average American reader is that neither of them is M. Zola. Zola made his usual application, and received four votes, two of them from M. Bourget and M. Coppée, who think his claims well founded, and always vote for him. M. Albert Vandal, who takes the place of M. Léon Say, is a journalist and historian, whose reputation is chiefly based on his studies of the Napoleonic period. M. André Theuriet, who succeeds Dumas *fils*, is a writer of stories of rural life, the charm and fidelity of which are highly praised.

Alexander Salvini, third son of Tomasso Salvini, who died in Florence on December 15, was an actor of such promise and accomplishments as to make his premature death a matter of very serious regret and concern. He was a little less than thirty-five years old, and had come to be recognized as a worthy successor of his famous father. His apprenticeship to the stage was accomplished in the face of severe obstacles. His father was strongly opposed to his becoming an actor, and caused him to be educated as a civil engineer. But example weighed more with Alexander than precept. He came to this country in 1881 with Rossi, ostensibly to practise engineering; but once here travelled with Rossi's company and bent his mind to learning how to act. In 1882, having learned enough English to be understood, he made a successful appearance with Clara Morris at the Union Square Theatre, as George Duhamel, in *Article 47*. After that he gave up all idea of practising any profession except that of the actor, and sticking to the stage in the face of a parental opposition, which was quickened by the father's dread of seeing the renown of a great name impaired, he made rapid and steady progress, and presently joined his father's own company when the elder Salvini paid his last visit to the United States. Within a year or two he had begun to test his powers in tragedy, and with a degree of success that attested that there was no unreasonable presumption in his evident purpose to follow in his father's footsteps.

About a million and a half dollars have been spent on the Protestant Cathedral of St. John the Divine, and the walls, completed up to the water-table, are now in sight. Eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars was paid for the land, the rest for blasting a sufficient hole and laying the foundations. The money so far spent came comparatively easily, the greater part of it without solicitation. The work cannot go further until more is raised, and, at the request of the trustees, the President of the Board, Bishop Potter, will devote himself as far as possible from now until March 1 to raising it. If the work on the walls goes on when the season permits, the choir can be finished in two years, and sums already contributed for memorials and for an endowment fund will become available. A good deal of money may be raised in two months, but the cathedral is a great undertaking, and there is little danger that even under the spell of Bishop Potter's energetic solicitations the enterprise will be over-subscribed.

The greatest holiday business that is noticed in New York is that done at the new Aquarium in Castle Garden. Swarms of people have visited it since it was opened on December 10. It is the right thing in the right place, where the downtown children can get at it. It is open at present from ten to four every day, except Sundays and Mondays, and after January 3 will be open on Sundays also. The Sunday opening will be very generally approved. If there are sermons in stones and books in the running brooks, there are doubtless good homilies also in the tanks and pools and fishes.

E. S. Martin.

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

Should the state seek to protect literature is a question I have frequently heard raised, particularly among college graduates. The age of Louis XIV. seems to lend some encouragement to an answer in the affirmative; but within the last few months the friends of literary protectionism must have received a discouraging shock. In England Alfred Austin is Poet Laureate. He is known to the world almost exclusively because of having perpetrated a eulogy of the Jameson raid. In Germany the so-called Schiller prize has been awarded to a dramatist by the name of Wildenbruch, whose fame in the fatherland appears to rest upon foundations akin to those which sustain the present Laureate of England. This German Laureate made himself a favorite in court circles of Berlin by lending his pen for the glorification of Prussian throne and altar; the Emperor naturally desired to encourage such work, and so the Schiller prize has gone to Mr. Wildenbruch; but to the glory of German literature be it regarded that the chief of the committee intrusted with the recommendations for this prize was so indignant at the manner of its disposal that he (Professor Erich Schmidt) tendered his resignation in protest—an act calling for much courage on the part of a loyal German.

The late Sir Benjamin Richardson, whose sudden death at the early age of sixty-nine astonished us all on the 22d of November, was a man singularly sympathetic to an American. He was a practical philosopher, after the manner of the great Francis Bacon and our many-sided Benjamin Franklin. Indeed, for Franklin he had unbounded veneration. He spoke of him not only as the greatest American, but one of the greatest men of all time. I recall that one day, now several years ago, Dr. Richardson showed me, in his house, the apparatus which Benjamin Franklin had used in London when delivering his famous lecture on electricity before the Royal Society. That precious piece of mechanism should certainly be the property of the United States or of its citizens, and perhaps this will catch the eye of some man rich enough and wise enough to recognize the opportunity here offered. Would it not be feasible to start something in the nature of a Franklin museum, something after the nature of the famous Körner Museum of Dresden, or the less ambitious Carlyle House in Cheyne Row?

An American friend of mine, who was invited to be present at the recent royal wedding in Vienna, wrote me from there that he was impressed most particularly by gorgeous uniforms encasing bodies of commonplace, if not gross-looking, men and women. Reports of court ceremonials are usually so full of general eulogy touching imperial grandeur that this observation of my friend struck me with refreshment. I need not mention his name, for he was there as a guest, but he is a distinguished historical and political writer, and also one of our best forensic speakers. He was, to be sure, so close to the imperial and royal parties that he could study their faces closely, and see therefore what newspaper correspondents usually cannot or dare not see. If the people in Germany and Austria realized the commonplace quality of the men and women making up the so-called court circle, I fear that monarchical principles would receive many violent shocks in consequence.

English manufacturers and merchants are very energetic in developing their trade with South Africa, and the results are obviously good. American merchants would find excellent field for enterprise in that quarter of the globe if they took the same steps to develop trade interest there. Africanders have need of American wagons, American ploughs, American harness, American labor-saving machinery of every kind, boots and shoes, furniture, to say nothing of canned provisions. I mention only a few of the articles of American manufacture which occurred to me particularly on my last trip there. The nature of South African life is so identical with many parts of our Western country that American goods are preferred to English when they can be got; but, unfortunately for Americans, the English are always ahead in one respect at least. Great Britain is represented throughout the world by a highly educated and well-trained set of commercial agents, whose business it is to encourage trade between the mother-country and the outside world. There is no good reason why the United States should not be equally well represented for such purposes, particularly in countries where American trade is struggling for a fair recognition. In South Africa we should have a consul-general at the Cape of Good Hope, with a salary of not less than $15,000 a year. Under him should be consuls at Johannesburg, Bloemfontein, Durban, Port Elizabeth, Delagoa Bay—each of whom should have a salary not less than $10,000 a year. In each of these towns the United States should build a consulate worthy of its name, so that our representatives should not be forced to seek temporary shelter in lodging-houses. The American consul should be a consul in every sense of the word, and not eke out his present ridiculous salary by engaging in questionable trade transactions. He should represent in foreign countries the dignity of the American flag, and our Treasury is strong enough to see that he be able to live decently upon his pay. Up to the present time American consuls have been offered wages which a respectable mechanic would decline as inadequate, and, as a consequence, our consuls, instead of being an assistance to American commerce, have acted rather as a hinderance. I have known many instances of American consuls being notorious loafers and drunkards, incapable of transacting the duties of their positions.

Cremation promises to be more and more acceptable among Christians, particularly those living in crowded cities. I see that Sir Benjamin Richardson requested that his body be burned. Perhaps this will be followed by some general action on the part of the American profession strongly recommending cremation as the only form of burial fitted to our modern municipal life. No name carries greater weight in this respect than that of Richardson, for his life-long study was how to make life more tolerable for those of us who are surrounded by the necessary ills incident to our modern civilization. Our Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has particular reason for honoring his memory; in that he is the author of that painless death represented by the so-called lethal chamber, now for many years successfully used at the London Home for Lost Dogs—a place which I occasionally visit, for it is a little canine Altruria, such as only Mr. Howells can do justice to.

Poultney Bigelow.

BOOKS *VS.* "BOOKS."

BY A BIBLIOMANIAC.

A volume's just received on vellum print.
The book is worth the vellum—no more in't.
But, as I search my head for thoughts, I find
One fact embedded firmly in my mind.

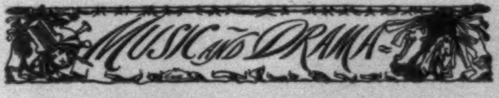
That's this, in short: while it no doubt may be
Most pleasant for an author small to see
A fine edition of his work put out,
No man who's sane can ever really doubt

That products of his brain and pen can live
Alone for that which they may haply give!
And though on vellum stiff the work appears,
It cannot live throughout the after-years,

Unless it has within its leaves some hint
Of something further than the style of print
And paper—give me Omar on mere waste,
I'll choose it rather than some "bookish taste,"

Expended on a flimsy, whimsey tale,
Put out to catch a whimsey, flimsy sale.
I'd choose my Omar print on grocer's wraps
Before the vellum books of "bookish" chaps.

John Kendrick Bangs.



TWO PLAYS BY MR. JONES.

Notwithstanding the vast amount of time consumed by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones in promulgating, in various ways, his theories of the drama, he occasionally finds opportunity for the real business of his life—the writing of plays. He produces at least one play a year, and his work is always interesting, whatever its reception by the public may be. Two of his productions were lately offered at Broadway theatres—*The Rogue's Comedy* at Wallack's and *The Dancing Girl* at the Knickerbocker, Mr. Willard presenting the former for the first time in America, Mr. Tree reviving the latter, which was originally given here by Mr. Sothern. Of all the dramatists who are contributing to the edification of the public of the present day, Mr. Jones is the most thoroughly in earnest. One has only to read his book of essays to realize that this writer takes himself with desperate seriousness. In the present pandemonium of folly and vulgarity, Mr. Jones is one of the few playwrights who believe that the theatre has a higher purpose than that of merely amusing. It seems a trifle paradoxical that a person of such gravity should be so deft a hand at comedy; still, Molière was a misanthrope, and there is abundant internal evidence to show that the creator of Falstaff was of a melancholy disposition. These poets were profound students of human nature, and the survey of mankind "from China to Peru" is ever conducive to sorrowful reflection. Mr. Jones is likewise an observer of his species, and he maintains that his plays are "a criticism of life," even as poetry is—or should be, according to Matthew Arnold; yet Mr. Jones protests vigorously against the imputation of realistic tendencies. He wishes it to be distinctly understood that his plays are designed to be truthful, not realistic. "Truth and realism," he affirms, "are distant, and in some respects antagonistic." The playwright's essays are not as lucid as his plots, but he seems to mean that truth is in the spirit which giveth life, and realism in the letter which killeth. A real lamp-post on the stage is realism; a striking touch of human nature is truth. But, after all Mr. Jones's onslaught upon modern realism and his exaltation of truth, one fails to see that, as a dramatist, he has much to do with either. He is a romanticist, in spite of himself. He fights against it, but the spirit of romance is strong within him; his imagination is rampant, and even reading his own essays will never make him truthful—on the stage. This clever and intensely earnest playwright thinks that he is a true prophet because he deals with modern people and latter-day problems; but his principal characters belong as surely to the domain of romance as D'Artagnan or the Sieur de Marsac; for romance is not all of cloak and sword.

When he wrote *The Dancing Girl*, Mr. Jones had not eradicated from his mental system the melodrama of *The Silver King* and *Saints and Sinners*. The characters of the Quaker father and the errant daughter found in unexpected luxury are certainly as old as *The Lights of London*, and probably a good deal older. As a matter of course, Mr. Jones, being comparatively a literary artist, gives the familiar dramatis personæ new interest by his skilful treatment; but Drusilla Ives, the dancing Quaker, is just as untruthful to nature as she is to her poor old father. She does not begin to be as probable as Marguerite Gautier. She is not a type or a composite photograph; she is a pretty sketch from a French novel. Surely Mr. Jones does not expect a play-goer to accept his Duke of Guisebury as truth. An American's acquaintance with English dukes is necessarily limited, unless one happens to have a fair cousin with a fine fortune; but, to a republican bird's-eye view, Mr. Jones's Duke steps from the pages not of life, but of "Ouida." Here is a dissipated young Duke who confesses aloud to himself with all the *mea culpa* of St. Augustine. His crony, the Honorable Reginald Slingsby, asks for a brandy-and-soda, and gets diluted Schopenhauer. His bull-dog longs for a chop, but receives a discourse on Nirvana from this Buddhistic libertine, who, if he were a truthful or realistic Duke, would suppose Nirvana to be the newest nerve tonic. The Duke of Guisebury is too brainy to ruin himself for a dancer, even to make a gossips' holiday; he is too conscientious even to smoke to excess. He is "a living ganglion of irreconcilable antagonisms"; one doesn't believe a word of him, and his tale may be told to the marines.

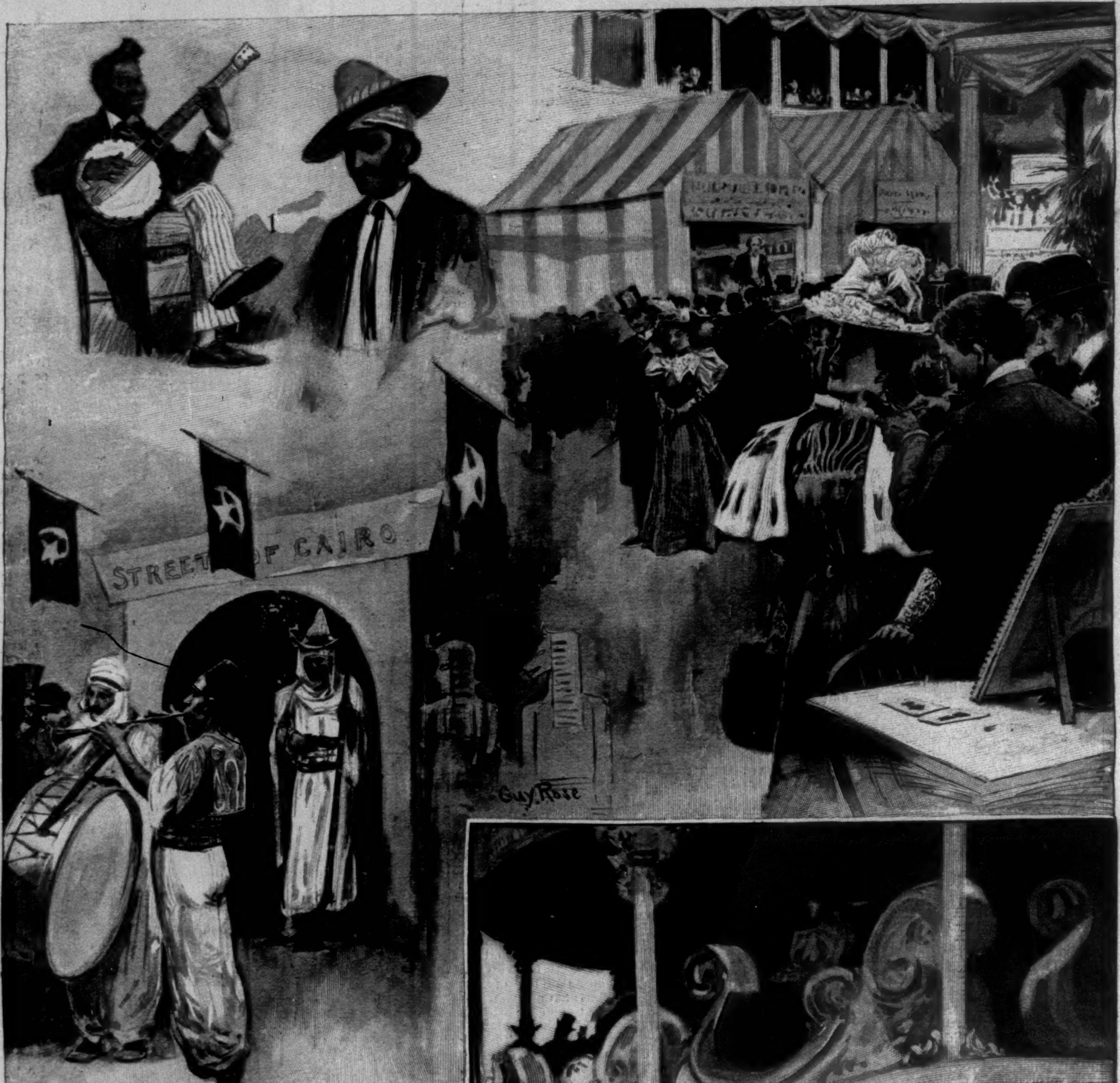
In *Judah* and *The Middleman* Mr. Jones showed himself as the romanticist *malgré lui*, the maker of spiritualized melodrama. Judah and Vashti Dethic are not probable characters; they are barely possible. Perhaps they are the more interesting for this very reason. In *The Middleman* the dramatist deals with commercial pursuits, as Balzac does in *César Birotteau;* but Balzac is indeed truthful, while Mr. Jones lets his taste for romance get the better of him. The chief character in *The Middleman* is an inventor, and inventors nowadays are tolerably shrewd business men; but Mr. Jones's inventor is the old figure of fiction, the dreamer, childish and helpless, who allows himself to be robbed by unscrupulous associates, just as inventors in fiction have done for, lo! these many years. In real life an inventor would not break up his furniture for fuel to maintain the precious fire that is to complete his experiment. The scene is immensely effective theatrically; but it has not the truth for which Mr. Jones pleads in his essays. This skilful playwright has given the stage some of the best acting dramas of the present generation, but when he claims that his interesting productions are truthful pictures of nineteenth-century life—well, in the language of Roderigo's reproach to Iago, his "words and his performances are no kin together." In the presentation of *The Dancing Girl* at the Knickerbocker Theatre Mr. Tree gave an impersonation that was perfect in technique, but he failed to make the character convincing or in any way sympathetic. Indeed, it may be doubted that any actor could give reality or sincerity to the Duke of Guisebury. Miss Rorke as Drusilla Ives was less vivid than our own Miss Harned; and Lionel Brough, a comedian, was miscast as the uncompromising stern parent. The two quite spoiled one of Mr. Jones's best scenes. The playwright might really claim truth for his sketch of the Honorable Reginald Slingsby, a veritable Du Maurier figure, played capitally, without a touch of exaggeration, by Mr. Gerald Du Maurier, a son of the lamented artist and novelist.

One of Mr. Jones's peculiar characteristics as an author is his choice of unpromising material for his plays. Who else would have thought of making a play of the story of a fasting girl? Who else could have taken this material and fashioned from it a drama that is an artistic success? The starvation of Vashti, and Dethic's smuggling of food to her, are not at all ridiculous as Mr. Jones deals with them. He has literally written a play on an empty stomach. But then Mr. Jones could even see the romantic side of the familiar wager that a man can eat thirty quail in thirty days, and he would have an interesting story woven around it in less time than it takes Mr. Pinero to crack an epigram. In *The Rogue's Comedy* the subject is less forbidding than in *Judah*, still it is not alluring. The theme of clairvoyance is very thin ice for a playwright to venture upon. In *The Rogue's Comedy* the clairvoyant is an impostor, Bailey Prothero, a suave rascal, who has tried everything, from second-sight to playing the concertina on excursion-boats. He is a cheerful scalawag, and he has the sympathies of the audience from start to finish, like the hero of Chevalier's song, "Yer cawn't 'elp likin' 'im." His supposed gifts obtain for this charlatan the entrée into London drawing-rooms. Through his wife, who is the companion of a dowager of title, he learns many details regarding people, whose pasts he reads by the aid of this surreptitious side-light. He sells tips on the stock market, and makes so many lucky guesses that he "almost believes there is something in it." A syndicate is organized to work upon his predictions, and for a time it prospers. Mr. Bailey Prothero is on the crest of the wave. Then luck turns. Lambert, a young lawyer, for reasons of his own, determines to unmask Prothero. He is aided in this by the arrival of a former "pal," who knew Mr. Prothero as George Jackman, of unsavory reputation. A mystery surrounds Lambert's origin. It appears that he is really the son of Prothero. Lambert shows up Prothero, who accepts the situation, and departs without revealing his identity to the amateur detective, being unwilling to injure the prospects of that estimable young meddler by disclosing his kinship with a swindler. *The Rogue's Comedy* impresses one as the least faulty of all Mr. Jones's plays. It has not the vitality and human interest of *The Middleman*, neither has it the peculiar fascination of *Judah*, but it is one of the few dramas from the same pen in which the author has not injured his admirable work by some unfortunate false note. The first act is very characteristic of Mr. Jones, and is quite unconventional. It is taken up almost entirely by Bailey Prothero's alleged trances, in which he tells his dupes of events in their own lives, of which he has learned in various underhand ways. He has told a vapid young aristocrat to buy a certain stock; the youth buys, and realizes a goodly profit. A sharp woman of the world does not believe in Mr. Prothero, but she is converted to faith when he answers all her questions, by means of information furnished by his wife. This convinces the most sceptical of the reality of Prothero's gifts, and that bland charlatan, wishing all a very good evening, stalks off triumphantly as the curtain falls.

The ending of the second act is equally devoid of the conventional situation on which as a rule the curtain is made to drop. Mr. Jones's skill in characterization has been centralized upon Bailey Prothero, a cleverly drawn figure. The other personages have but little individuality, with the exception of the callow Sir Thomas Dovergreen and the tramp Bob Cushing. The dialogue is sharp and satirical throughout, and in the first two acts there is not a dull moment.

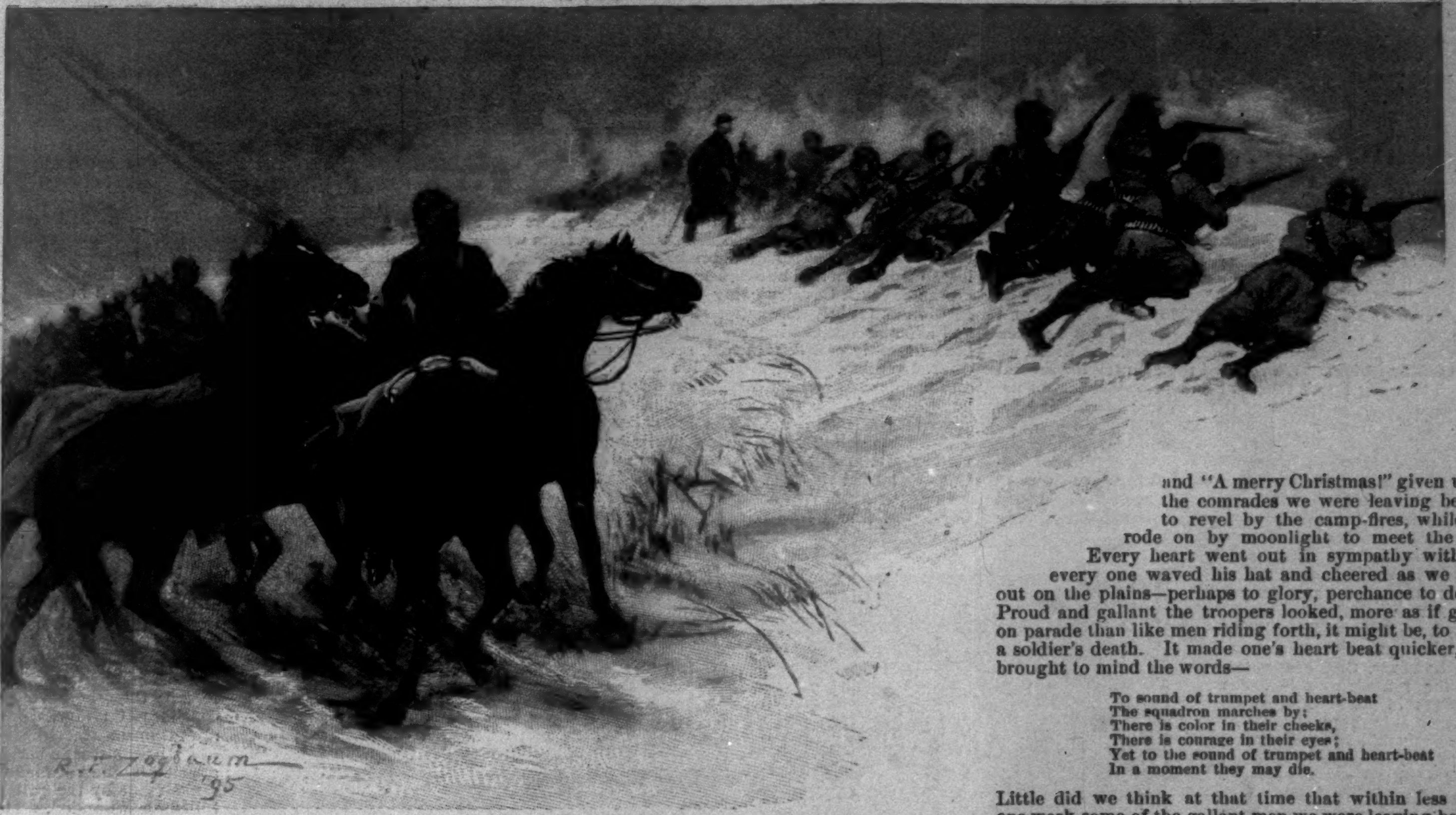
The third act is a trifle too long. Mr. Willard's Bailey Prothero is the equal of any impersonation he has given us. In appearance he realizes the rôle perfectly. He gives Prothero a certain distinction, yet "charlatan" is stamped all over him. Mr. Jones has evidently intended that the audience should feel an undercurrent of sympathy for the rogue, and this idea Mr. Willard carries out. His Prothero is an urbane and unctuous rascal, but there is a certain infectious good-nature about him. He is a thorough optimist, and Mr. Willard's geniality and heartiness are an important element in the comedy's success.

Harry B. Smith.


STREET F CAIRO
GUY ROSE
T DART WALKER
4

SCENES AT THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' FAIR, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK CITY.—[SEE PAGE 1282.]

1. Types on the Subway. 2. Silhouette-Cutter, in the Southwest Corner of the Garden. 3. Outside the Streets of Cairo. 4. On the Main Floor.



"THE COMMAND GALLOPED TO THE FRONT, AND QUICKLY OCCUPIED THE HILLS."

ADVENTURES OF AMERICAN ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS.

IV.—A SIOUX INDIAN EPISODE.

BY BREVET BRIGADIER-GENERAL GUY V. HENRY, U. S. A.—ILLUSTRATED BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.

WHILE seated in my office at Fort McKinney, Wyoming, on the 19th day of November, 1890, the following telegram was handed me:

"Move out as soon as possible with the troop of cavalry at your post; bring all the wagon transportation you can spare, pack-mules and saddles; extra ammunition and rations will be provided when you reach the railroad.—By order of the Department Commander."

What possible cause for this interruption of our peace and happiness, and the breaking up of our homes, settled for the long and usually trying winter, and the leaving of our families could not be imagined. A distance of nearly 200 miles from the railroad, uncertain mail and telegraphic facilities, or at least much delayed news, kept us ignorant of outside troubles.

Preparations were at once made, and the following day I marched out of Fort McKinney with Troop D, Ninth Cavalry, Captain Loud, Lieutenants Powell and Benton. Turning the point of a hill, after crossing the beautiful Clear Fork of the Powder River, the post and our families were soon lost to sight. Little did we suspect at the time that we were never to return to Fort McKinney as a station. This is a peculiarity of army life—to leave, on twenty-four hours' notice, a place possibly never to be seen again, or maybe only when, after a lapse of years, a similar notice may as suddenly return you to your old station. Nearing the railroad, we began to hear all sorts of rumors of the Indians being on the war-path—the murder of settlers, the starting of a party of Indians in the direction of Fort McKinney, so as to obtain a refuge in the Big Horn Mountains; these and other' reports found us mentally prepared for a winter's campaign, so that on reaching the railroad we were not surprised to find cars in readiness to carry us to Rushville, the nearest point to the reported place of trouble—Pine Ridge Agency, South Dakota.

We arrived at Rushville at night, and immediately detrained, and started early the following morning on our march to the agency, where we arrived early in the afternoon of the same day. Contrary to expectations, we met with no hostile Indians or resistance.

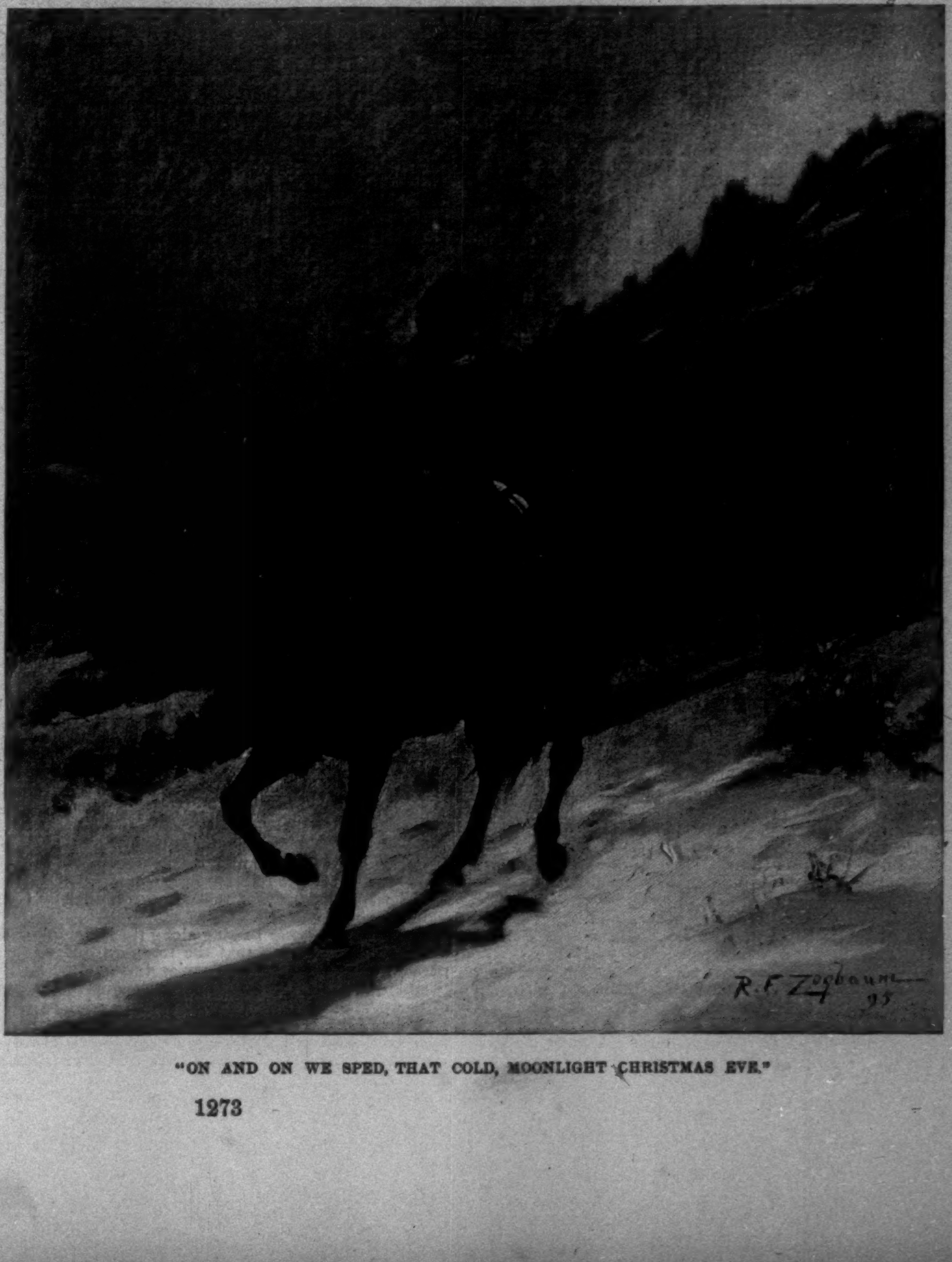
We found all the troops camped close about the agency, and made our own camp in the bottom, about half a mile away, on White River. The next day we were joined by Troops K, F, and I, with Captains Wright and Stedman, and Lieutenants Guilfoyle, McAnaney, and Perry, Dr. Keane being the medical officer; the four troops constituting the Ninth Cavalry squadron. Our time was fully occupied in daily drills and in getting our pack-mule train in order, for upon this we depended for rations and forage when absent from our wagons. Rumors came often to us that the Indians were keeping up their ghost-shirt, or Messiah dances; that they considered these shirts, when worn, to be impervious to the bullet; of their desire to clean out the whites and to occupy the promised land; of their having occupied an impregnable position in the Bad Lands, so fortified and difficult of approach that an attempt to dislodge them would result in the annihilation of the whole army—these and many other rumors gave the Indian, who is a great braggart, an abundant opportunity to air himself, and left us plenty of leisure to prepare ourselves for our future state.

The afternoon of December 24 an order reached us to move out at once to head off Big Foot—an Indian chief—and his band, who had escaped from our troops, and, it was supposed, would join the hostiles in the Bad Lands; and this we were to prevent. So at 2 P.M. the "general" sounded—a signal which meant to strike our tents and pack our mules and wagons. The latter were to follow us, escorted by one troop. Soon "boots and saddles" rang out, when horses were saddled, line formed, and then, with three troops and with two Hotchkiss guns of the First Artillery, under Lieutenant Hayden, we commenced our march of fifty miles, expecting to reach our goal before daylight. Only a half-hundred miles! It does not seem far on paper, but on the back of a trotting horse on a cold winter's night it is not to be laughed at. On we dashed through the agency, buoyed by the hearty cheers and "A merry Christmas!" given us by the comrades we were leaving behind to revel by the camp-fires, while we rode on by moonlight to meet the foe. Every heart went out in sympathy with us, every one waved his hat and cheered as we rode out on the plains—perhaps to glory, perchance to death. Proud and gallant the troopers looked, more as if going on parade than like men riding forth, it might be, to meet a soldier's death. It made one's heart beat quicker, and brought to mind the words—

> To sound of trumpet and heart-beat
> The squadron marches by;
> There is color in their cheeks,
> There is courage in their eyes;
> Yet to the sound of trumpet and heart-beat
> In a moment they may die.

Little did we think at that time that within less than one week some of the gallant men we were leaving behind would be killed by the very band we sought, while we should be saved. After riding for two hours, alternately at a trot and a walk, a short halt was made for the men to make coffee and to give the horses a feed. Then the march was continued, and on and on we sped, that cold, moonlight Christmas eve. The words, "Peace on earth, good will toward men," rang in our ears as we pushed on with hostile intent toward the red man. The night was beautiful with the clear moon, but so cold that water froze solid in our canteens, notwithstanding the constant shaking. Crossing a narrow bridge, a pack-mule was shoved off by its crowded comrades, and falling on the ice of Wounded Knee Creek, broke a hole, smashed a box of hardtack, but gathered himself together, and ambled off, smiling serenely at having received no damage to his body.

Here we passed abandoned ranches, the owners driven off by threats or fear of the Indians; here we were at the scene of the ghost-dances, where the Indians were taught



"ON AND ON WE SPED, THAT COLD, MOONLIGHT CHRISTMAS EVE."

that the Messiah would appear, rid the country of the white man, and bring plenty to the Indian; that the common cotton ghost shirt worn was bullet-proof; while in every other possible way the medicine-men worked upon the fanaticism of the deluded creature. We saw at a distance stray cattle, whose spectral appearance almost led us to believe in ghosts, if not in ghost shirts, and an examination was made to see whether or not they were Indians waiting on their ponies to attack us.

To cross White River we had to take a plunge from solid ice to mid-channel water, and then rode to Cottonwood Springs, at the base of the position of the Indians in the Bad Lands. We reached this place at 4 A.M., and threw ourselves on the ground for rest, knowing that to obtain wood and water for breakfast Christmas morning we should have to march eight miles. And this is the way the Ninth Cavalry squadron spent Christmas eve of 1890. Christmas day we proceeded to Harney Springs, a place where I had encamped during my winter's march of seventeen years before, and finding wood and water, we made our breakfast. We scouted the country for several days to find Big Foot's trail, but he had passed east of us. We discovered the tepees of the Indians, but finding no trace of the former occupants, we returned to White River. The next day we made a reconnoissance of the Bad Lands. Instead of narrow trails or defiles of approach accessible only in single file, where we could have been shot down by the Indians at will, we found a broad open divide; instead of impregnable earth-works, only a ridiculously weak pile of earth existed, here and there, filled in by a dead horse. The Indians occupied a narrow position, from which they could easily have been shelled. They had taken one military precaution, however, that of preparing for retreat, and had cut openings in the bluffs, which on their side were abrupt, so that they could slide down and escape. The reality, as compared with the reports of Indian guides and interpreters, was greatly exaggerated, all brag and bluster, and but for the existence of high hills, little more than a "bluff" on the part of the Indians. I had spent many a moment, when I supposed we should have to make an assault on this position, thinking how it could be done, and worrying over the probable loss of life, such perhaps as had occurred in the Lava Beds when troops were opposed to the Modoc Indians; but when I saw this burlesque I could only laugh, and I made up my mind that it was best not to cross Fox River till it was reached.

On returning to camp that night, while the weary but light-hearted troopers were singing negro melodies after supper, a scout who rode a pony steaming and flecked with foam dashed into camp, bringing information of the Seventh Cavalry's fight at Wounded Knee, of the death of Captain Wallace, of the flight of 5000 Ogalala Sioux, and of the probable chance of an attack on the agency. For the second time that day trumpets rang out "boots and saddles." There was not a laggard; tents went down like a flash; wagons were packed; every man sprang to his horse, and in less than forty minutes after the news had been received we were off for Pine Ridge, nearly fifty miles away.

It was now ten o'clock at night; the wind was cold, and as it howled out of the canyons and swept over the valley, it carried with it the crystals that had fallen the day before. There was no moon; the night was inky dark; even the patches of snow which lay here and there on the ground gave no relief to the eye. Muffled in their shaggy buffalo overcoats, and hooded by the grotesque fur caps used by our Western troops, the negro troopers looked like meaningless bundles that had been tied in some way to the backs of their horses. Through canyons whose black walls seemed to be compressing all the darkness of the night, over buttes whose crests were crowned with snow, and across the rickety bridges which span Wounded Knee and Porcupine creeks the command sped at a pace which would have killed horses that had not been hardened by practice, as ours had been. Nothing could be heard but the clatter of hoofs and the clanking of the carbines as they chafed the metallic trappings of the saddle; silence had been ordered, and the usual laugh and melodious songs of the darky troopers were not ours to beguile the march. Now and then came the reverberation of the mule-whacker's whip as he threw his energy and muscle into a desperate effort to keep the wagon train near us; figures could be seen flitting across the road and on the bluffs, and we knew not at what moment we might be fired upon; accordingly, the effort was made to reach the agency before daybreak, in the hope that darkness and the Indians' superstition would protect us from attack in the mean time.

As we neared the agency the country became more open, hills easy of occupation commanding the road if the occasion required. So, in order to enable us to get our horses into camp, and the riders and saddles off our weary animals, we left the wagon train a short distance in the rear, guarded by one troop, and the column moved on, entering the agency at daybreak, men and horses much tired after our long day and night ride of about one hundred miles. Reaching our old camp, we all sought rest at once by throwing ourselves on the ground; but we had been resting only a short time when Corporal Wilson, of the wagon-train guard, who had volunteered at the risk of his life to reach us, rode rapidly into camp, and reported that the train beyond the agency was surrounded, and one man already killed. In a moment the command, many not waiting to saddle, galloped to the front and quickly occupied the hills, whereupon the Indians retreated, and the train moved in.

Scarcely had we returned to camp, when orders were received to proceed to the Mission, the smoke from whose buildings indicated Indian depredations. By request, owing to tired men and horses, we were allowed to rest longer, the Seventh Cavalry going out. Later we went to the Mission as rapidly as our wearied horses could carry us, and after accomplishing the purpose for which we had been urgently called, returned, reaching our camp about dusk. We had marched some 108 miles in 22 hours, and although one horse had died, there was not a sore-backed horse in the outfit; men and horses were fatigued, but all were in good condition. The following day, December 31, we remained in camp, with a howling snow-storm prevailing, and amid these gloomy surroundings the Seventh Cavalry buried its dead. January 1, again under orders, we left the agency to combine with other troops in forming a cordon to drive back the hostiles who had fled from the agency, or to follow them if depredations upon the settlements were commenced. Finally the Indians were forced back to the agency, not, however, until Lieutenant Casey had been killed by them, nor before they saw that resistance was useless, and that the ghost shirt was not impervious to the bullet.

Preparations were then made for a final review of troops. We were encamped in line of battle, extending nearly three miles, which made a great impression upon the Indians, many of whom looked on from a distance in amazement and distrust, fearing that our arrangements might mean an attack instead of a peaceful march in review previous to the return of the troops to their posts.

The morning broke with a pelting flurry of a combination of snow and dirt. A veil of dark clouds hung suspended above the hills, which surrounded the camp-ground like a coliseum, and a piercing breeze swept from the north, making the contrast with the previous Messiah weather we had been having anything but agreeable. We were fearful that a Dakota blizzard might strike us, meaning death to our animals in their exposed position, and probably serious results to the soldiers. Accordingly, we all were anxious that the review ordered by General Miles be not postponed.

General Miles, after passing along the line, took position opposite the centre, so that the troops, all of whom had participated in or rendered service during the Pine Ridge troubles, might march past him. They moved in column of companies, troops, or platoons, and by infantry, cavalry, and artillery corps, respectively, and in order as above. General Brooke and staff headed the column, followed by the band of the First United States Infantry. When opposite General Miles, the band wheeled out of the column, playing, or attempting to do so, during the passage of the troops—a difficult matter, as the fierce wind almost prevented any musical notes being made or heard.

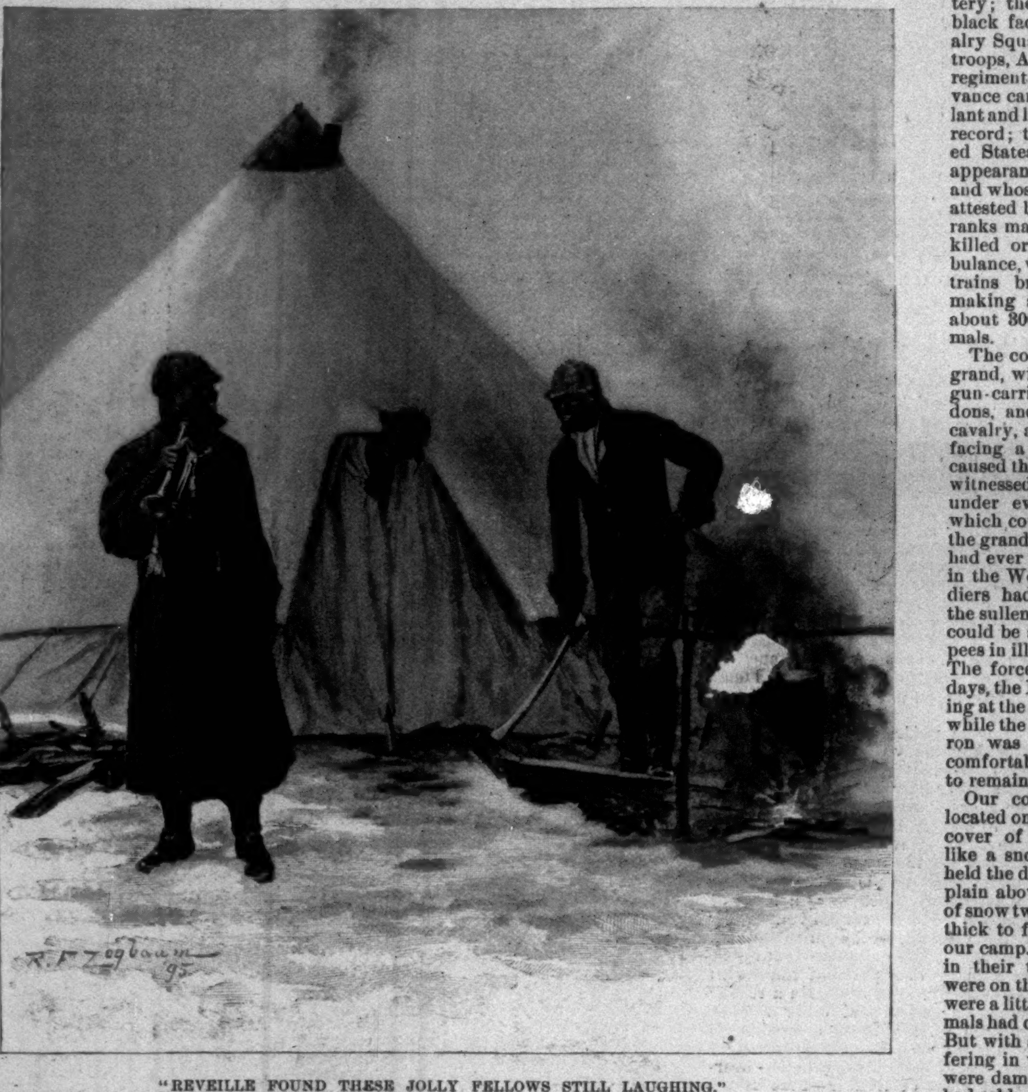
Then came 100 mounted Ogalala Indian scouts, commanded by Lieutenant Taylor, of the Ninth Cavalry. Their precision of march was noticeable, and in various ways they had rendered valuable service during the campaign. General Wheaton, as a brigade commander, followed with his staff. The first regiment of his command was the First United States Infantry, under Colonel Shafter, whose martial appearance and indifference to the cold—the men not wearing overcoats—suggested blood warmed by their California station. Then came the Second United States Infantry, under Major Butler. Their marching showed service, and they had recently lost Captain Mills, whose sad death in his tent, as reveille sounded, was fresh in the minds of his comrades. Next followed six companies of the Seventeenth Infantry, under Captain Van Horne, who marched well; then two companies of the Eighth Infantry with a Gatling gun, under Captain Whitney; then Captain Capron with his light battery of the First United States Artillery, which had distinguished itself at the battle of Wounded Knee Creek during the fight with Big Foot's band on December 29, and afterwards at the Mission. Next in order came General Carr, commanding the cavalry brigade, followed by the historic and veteran Sixth Cavalry, and the Fort Leavenworth cavalry squadron, composed of one troop from each of the First, Fifth, and Eighth regiments of cavalry, followed by a Hotchkiss battery; then came the scowling black faces of the Ninth Cavalry Squadron, with three other troops, A, C, and G, of the same regiment, who passed at "advance carbine," and whose gallant and hard service is of official record; then the Seventh United States Cavalry, whose fine appearance attracted attention, and whose losses in action were attested by the vacancies in the ranks made by the gallant men killed or wounded. The ambulance, wagon, and pack-mule trains brought up the rear, making a total in passing of about 3000 men and 3700 animals.

The column was pathetically grand, with its bullet-pierced gun-carriages, its tattered guidons, and its long array of cavalry, artillery, and infantry, facing a pitiless storm which caused the curious Indians who witnessed it to seek protection under every cover and butte which could be found. It was the grandest demonstration that had ever been seen by the army in the West, and when the soldiers had gone to their tents the sullen and suspicious Brules could be seen going to their tepees in ill-disguised bad humor. The forces disbanded in a few days, the First Infantry remaining at the agency for one month, while the Ninth Cavalry squadron was ordered to select a comfortable winter camp, and to remain till spring.

Our comfortable camp was located on a small stream, under cover of a high bluff, which, like a snow fence, secured and held the drifting snow from the plain above, and caused a bank of snow twenty feet high and ten thick to form beyond and near our camp. The men had stoves in their tents, but their beds were on the ground; the officers were a little better off. The animals had canvas-blanket covers. But with all this there was suffering in various ways. There were damp, cold nights; many had colds and pneumonia; there were few comforts. But yet our soldiers did not complain. On the contrary, it would have been difficult to find a more truly happy lot than those colored troopers.

Each of the big Sibley tents held fifteen or sixteen men, and when supper was over (bread and coffee, and sometimes a little bacon), these little communities settled down to have a good time. Song and story, with an occasional jig or a selection on the mouth-organ or the banjo, with the hearty laugh of the darky, occupied the night hours till "taps" sounded for bed; and the reveille, or awakening, seemed to find these jolly fellows still laughing. The Indians seem to hold the darky in reverence, if not awe. The doctrine of the Messiah religion is that all the whites are to be cleaned off the earth—and this leaves the negro. The Indians have a superstition that the bullet cannot kill the darky; but this, as with the ghost-shirt "not kill" theory, had been dispelled by actual experience.

The negro is not easy to scalp—I have never heard of one being scalped, their wool not giving so good a hold as the hair of the white man—and the theory is that only those who are scalped are kept from the "happy hunting-grounds," where the fighting unfinished on earth is continued. It is certain that the treatment of the black by the Indian is different from that given to the white, and when thrown together the red man seems to hold the black in greater respect. I recall an instance in my youth, when a band of Indians attacked a party of whites, killing the men and children, but keeping a white woman and a colored woman nurse. The two women were obliged to change clothes, showing the greater respect for the black, who was treated then and afterward with consideration, while the white woman was killed when on the eve of recapture by our troops who had pursued the Indians.



"REVEILLE FOUND THESE JOLLY FELLOWS STILL LAUGHING."

The colored troops make excellent soldiers; in garrison they are clean and self-respecting, and proud of their uniform; in the field patient and cheerful under hardships or deprivations, never growling nor discontented, doing what is required of them without a murmur. Arriving in camp after hours in the rain or cold, they will sing and be happy; an enforced reduction of rations is received with good humor. The peculiar owl-like character of the negro, who apparently does not need so much sleep at night as the white man, makes him a good and vigilant sentinel.

If properly led he will fight well; otherwise, owing to his habit of dependence upon a superior, he is more liable to stampede than the Caucasian; nor has he, as with the white, except in exceptional cases, the same individuality or self-dependence—he goes rather in a crowd, and you seldom see a negro by himself. He is generous, to a fault, and has but little regard for the care of United States property, for which neglect he pays; but in this respect he is much improved over former years. He is like a child, and has to be looked after by his officers; but will repay such interest by a devoted following and implicit obedience. It would not be safe to suggest to some of these black troopers your desire that one of their comrades, whose conduct had not met with approval, should be hung before daylight, for it would very likely be an accomplished fact. Drunkenness is not one of his vices—it is seldom you see one under the influence of liquor; his loyalty to the flag is unquestioned, and the desertion of one is almost unknown.

The above are some of the virtues of the black trooper, all necessary attributes of a good soldier. Card-playing—and he is an inveterate gambler, as is also the Indian—is one of his vices, if such it may be called. His defective education leads him to indulge in it largely as a means of whiling away the time.

Our service with such men made the disagreeable camp surroundings endurable, even pleasant, and imparted to the white officers a more contented feeling, or at least an acceptance of the situation in a more equable manner than would otherwise have been the case.

Spring came, and with it our orders to march to Fort Robinson, a station where I had been seventeen years before, when on my winter's march to the Black Hills. I was now to return to it under very different circumstances. Leaving our winter camp, and marching through deep snows, we made the town of Chadron, on the railroad, the first day, our men sleeping in a building loaned by the citizens. The second day we marched nearly forty miles through deeper snows up to the girths of the saddles, in drifts much deeper, and, as the snow began to melt, through lakes of slush and bog, many of the men and animals becoming snow-blind. As the retreat gun fired, with the band playing a welcome, we entered Fort Robinson, thus ending the duties of the Ninth Cavalry squadron in the Pine Ridge Sioux Indian campaign.

WHITE MAGIC.

When Winter hushes for a time
The music of the sylvan brook,
And shuts its witchery of rhyme
In her white book,
The world is not yet dumb;
For in the snow-hung vines and trees
With their cold blossoms, icy clear,
Invisible the winds like bees
Swarm, and I hear
Their weird and wizard hum.

Such is the magic wand she wields
That she can shape my fancy so
My dreams are all of fragrant fields
The wild bees know
In summer's golden noon;
And through the dull December hours
Mine is the month for which I long,—
The barren branch grows bright with flowers
Where the bees throng,—
White magic,—winter June!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

TURKISH GRIEVANCES—THE BLOOD-TAX.

THE government and laws of Turkey are unquestionably bad and useless. Unfortunately there are victims of these bad and useless things, and among such victims Turkish common people stand in the front rank. Whatever may be the particular conclusions that we shall reach in a careful study of the rustic's character, these general statements can be made—that all of the common people have grievances, all suffer, and all detest the present régime. At the same time all are proud, as becomes a conquering and ruling race, all are jealous of their national existence, and all possess at least a latent fanaticism.

The Sultan complained that he could not introduce reforms because his people were so fanatical, while the people groaned over the abuses of the government, cursed it, and simultaneously grumbled at the plan of reforms for Armenians—perhaps because they believed that these reforms, in being commanded by foreign powers, were attacking the sovereignty of the Turkish state, but certainly because these despairing and ignorant people were left to think that they had no part in the reforms. The hue-and-cry had been raised for the Christians, while the whole body-politic was suffering.

Why should the Armenians, who, in their revolutionary agitation, had committed treason against the state—why should they receive, with the consent of the Sultan, those benefits of which the long-suffering Turk was equally in need? For you will remember that the reforms were demanded for the six provinces containing the larger part of the Armenian people; and with good reason, since the powers had no right of intervention except in behalf of the Christians. But for Turkey as a sovereign state it is as Murad Bey has said: "The Armenian question, outside of the general question of reforms in Turkey, has no *raison d'être*. Certain it is that the Armenians suffer; but they are not the only ones who suffer." And he names the blood-tax, the military service which the Turks support, as the worst imposition.

Formerly the janizaries, who were the nucleus of the Turkish fighting force, the Prætorian Guard of Turkey, were recruited from men who had been kidnapped in childhood from Christian parents. After Sultan Mahmud destroyed these unruly janizaries in the early part of this century, and the present system of a national army had been perfected, Christians still paid the substitution tax that had always been collected, but their boys were no longer stolen at the rate of 40,000 every five years for future impressment into the army; one means of decimating the Christian population was at an end. Furthermore, the unwillingness of both the government and of the Christian subjects to follow out the plan of military service adopted by the Hatti Sherif threw all of the burden on the Turks, who had hitherto borne even less than their share.

The would be knight errant enjoys reading the history of the bright days of Ottoman rule, when the brave Ottoman soldier won the battles fought against Turcoman and Tartar, and made it possible for Murad II. to bring unity out of diversity in Asia Minor, and to form an orderly empire in the disorderly territories of petty states. He reads with enthusiasm of the magnanimity and generosity of Saladin and Mohammed II., and he gives unstinted praise to Osman Pasha and his courageous band at Plevna. In these latter days of government disorganization and decay, the soldiers in the Balkans have made us realize more than ever before that the qualities of the Turkish soldier are now, as they ever have been, endurance, courage, and perfect obedience, in spite of the fact that the lot of the soldier is no easy one, and he has his sad story to tell. Although his recent conduct may lead us to condemn him, we must remember that he is an inheritor of past wrongs and a victim of circumstances.

From the purely political point of view, the soldier in active service is a certain human unit that the conscription, justly or unjustly administered, has called to arms to protect Turkish interests, and to maintain the power of the government in the local application of laws and systems. The collection of these units forming the Ottoman army is divided into three great divisions—the Mouasaf, or army of active service; the Rédif, or army of the reserve; and the Muntafiz, or the territorial army—in which the length of service is six years, eight years, and six years respectively. But a part of the Mouasaf is generally away on unlimited leave of absence, and the actual army of active service is spoken of as the Nizam. According to Aristarchi, this nucleus in 1873 numbered 150,000 men, and the total number in all the divisions was 700,000. It is not likely that the figures have grown larger in later years, since the population has decreased. There are seven headquarters of the army corps, in Constantinople, Adrianople, Monastir, Erzinjan, Damascus, Bagdad, and Yamen. The zabtiehs and mounted police of the provinces are not included in the general army.

When rapid-transit travellers eloquently describe the striking uniform of the Turkish soldier, his military bearing, his fine physique, and his perfect Syrian or Arabian steed, you may know that they have seen the Sultan go to mosque on Friday, accompanied by the Imperial Guard or the First Corps of the Ottoman army stationed at Constantinople. But as this corps is the only one in the empire sure of one month's pay every six months, as it is in the capital to make an impression on foreigners and to protect the person of the Sultan, it is no more representative of the military class than is any other collection of people in Constantinople fairly representative of the species to which it belongs. Constantinople is the philosopher's stone that changes the nature of people who live in its precincts. Neither Turk, Greek, nor Armenian people, nor those of any other race or nationality, can be rightly judged after an ordinary survey of the inhabitants of the capital. The tendency of the people there is to degenerate in character, for all the vices of the East and West are concentrated in the old Byzantine city. But the soldier grows better in appearance at least, although the military expert will tell you that even at government headquarters his equipment is defective.

In the interior this defender of the state appears in a white or blue uniform of coarse woollen stuff, dirty and much the worse for wear; sometimes possesses a goatskin cape, a coarse blanket, or a coat of sacking to protect him from the winter rains and snows. With these garments, a fez, a pair of shoes, and some thin cotton under-clothing, he must make himself believe that he is comfortable. He thrusts a knife into his belt and carries a rifle of ancient date, sometimes a Winchester, more often a Snyder. But when he begins to drill, the smile of the observer broadens. With this soldier time may be a form of thought, but it has nothing whatever to do with motion, for he never keeps step with his neighbor; and when the captain of a small company wants to call a halt, he just stops, and then the soldiers stop; and when the leader wants them to step to the left a bit, he gives the man next to him a punch, and this punch and its effect are transmitted along the line. In May, however, bands of musicians were arriving in the different cities, and military drill was beginning in earnest.

There is no generalship or management on the part of officers. In the winter, when the army was approaching Zeitun to rout the rebels, the soldiers in anger demolished the villages which had been abandoned by the Armenians, and even destroyed stores of grain. But Zeitun could not be taken, a siege was necessary, and to increase the difficulties bad weather set in. The villages that might have afforded protection had been destroyed, and large numbers of the suffering soldiers died from exposure, lack of food, and disease.

It is not enough that the Turks should bear all the burden of military service, but this injustice must be aggravated by the discriminations which are made against villages and districts here and there. While in one community almost the whole number of young men is left at home, and agriculture prospers, in another all of them are dragged off to service, and the women, old men, and boys can cultivate the ground or go without food. Even before the calling out of the reserves, in the latter part of the year 1895, some villages had been wholly robbed of young men by the conscription, and a last resource of those who were determined to escape service was to scour the country for orphan girls and marry them.

But the vexation, the curse, of the blood-tax consists not merely in an enforced absence from home for six years, or for a longer time if the reserves are summoned. Every other man has the prospect of not going home at all, or of returning so broken in health that he is only half a man. But how can this statement be true, you ask, when there is no warfare to reduce the numbers? In the same way and for the same reason that other bad statements can be true: the government is a farce. There is no hygiene in the mode of life. The soldiers, half clothed, half fed on cracked wheat, rice, and now and then a bit of meat, and half housed, are worn out with dysentery and fevers. A glance at the pinched, sallow faces of soldiers and zabtiehs in the interior can read the story of the hard lives of these men.

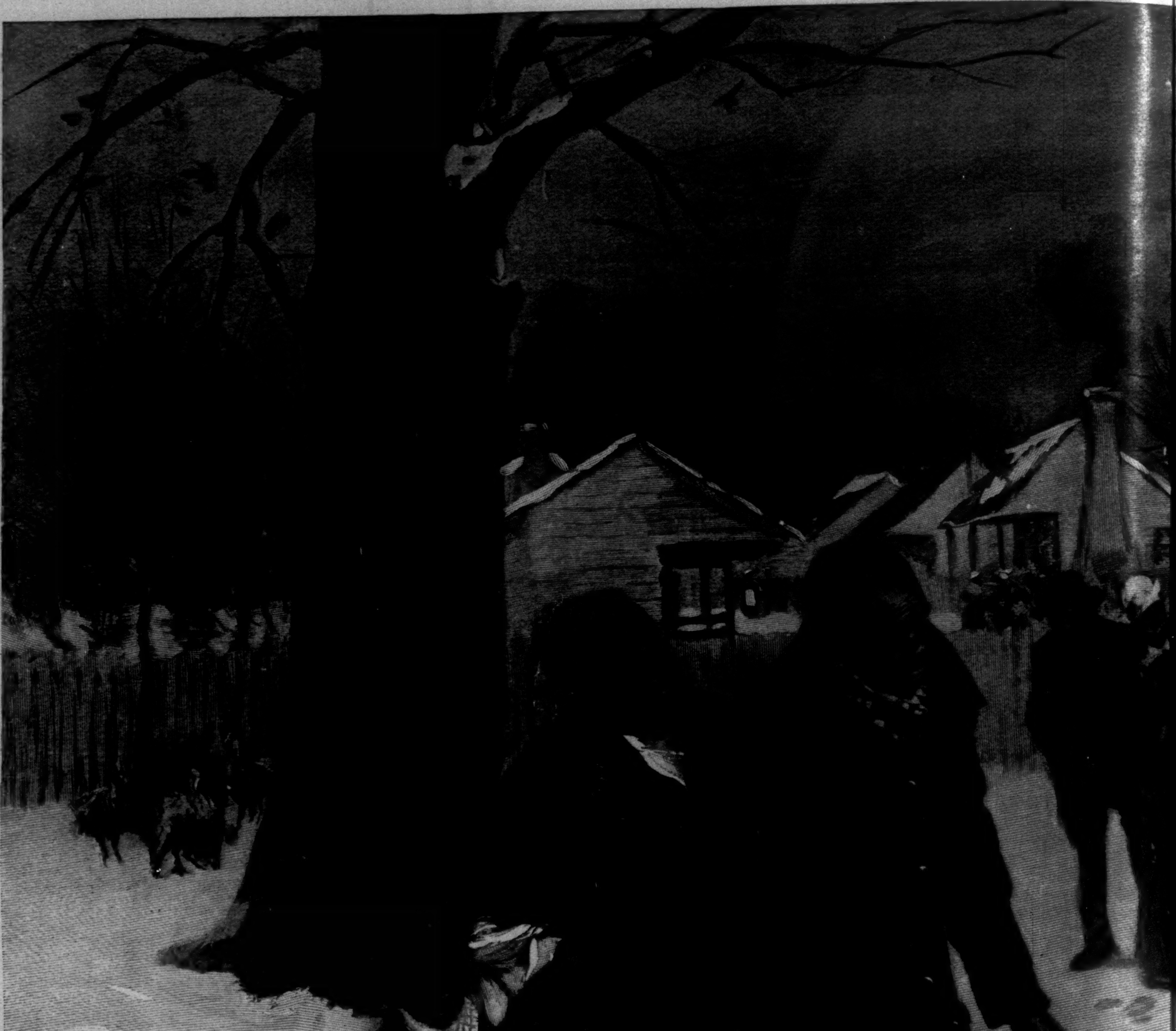
Under these conditions is it surprising that when it was rumored, in the summer of 1895, that certain corps in the interior would be set in motion toward Constantinople, some of the soldiers used their broad knowledge of choice Turkish oaths right generously, exclaiming: "To fight for such a government! Indeed! What pay do we get? Not the keep of a street cur! As Russian prisoners in the last war we were better cared for than ever we have been as the loyal soldiers of our Sultan. Some of us remember landing at Ordon, at the close of the war, along with a squad of men who had been taken prisoners by Russia. The released prisoners were well and fat, and each one had two pairs of boots—one pair on his feet, and the other slung over his shoulders. But every man of them gave away his second pair to some one of us; for we—we were worn, faint, barefooted in the snow, and despairing of the future. Yet we had just come from loyal service to our country. Why do we fight? We always lose. 'Tis the will of Allah."

Is it strange that when the reserves were summoned in the autumn and winter the men deserted, and took to highway robbery in such numbers as to make the roads very unsafe for travellers? Does it seem ludicrous that the soldiers who were called to keep order during the massacres had to be flogged and locked up to be kept from running away? It was not ludicrous to the men concerned. Taxed and beaten and gulled and robbed by the government, a poverty-stricken man who is taken away from home, where he can work, to the army, where he gets not even a dollar a month—such a man is in no mood to stand by while his neighbor runs off from market with stolen goods. He will have a hand in the game or he will desert. If the massacres were to take place, the wonder is not that the soldiers took part in the majority of instances, but that any of them were restrained. The men that I saw contented themselves with making the villagers divide the plunder as they sauntered home after the afternoon's sport. Their acts were natural, and from their point of view defensible. Indeed, I can hardly understand how so many men as are now in arms can be kept together in such a condition without mutiny.

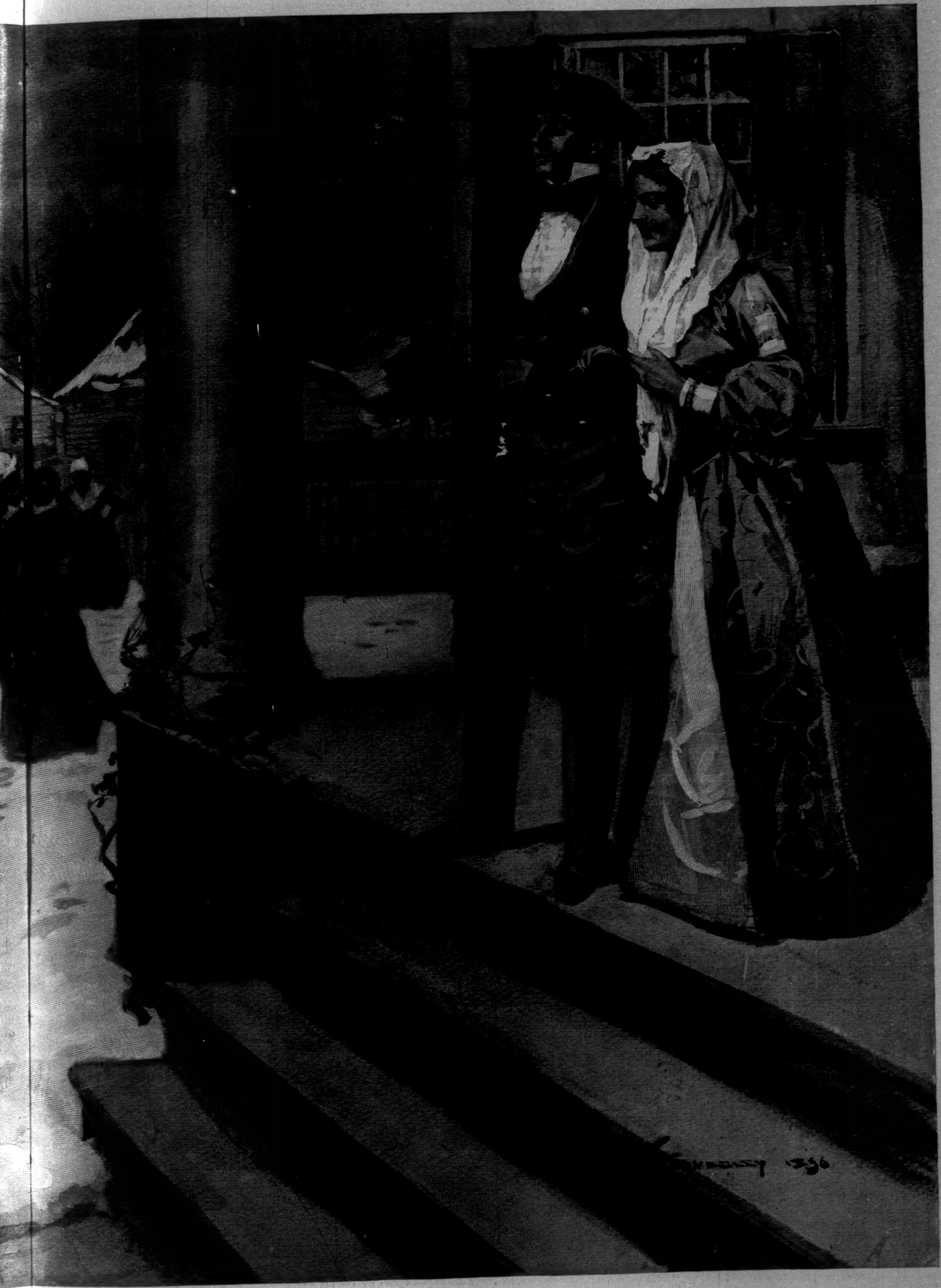
I am not surprised at the evil deeds of the soldier, and I pity the man quite as much as I am horrified at his conduct. His character is as much a product of centuries of bad government as are the cunning, deceitful traits of many of the Armenians. Half starved as he is, he will get himself quartered on Armenians or on Turks as often as possible, and he will eat all he can get. He is not in a physical condition to be mastered by refined sentiments, and he gives satisfaction to sexual passions in a manner that the Koran sternly forbids. At home he is excessively taxed, he is the prey of usurers, he can get no justice in the courts, and he must give all the military service. In the service he is half fed and scarcely ever paid, and when he does serve he serves for what he can get out of it, and he has his turn at performing the same acts of bullying and beating under which he himself has had to suffer in the past, and will continue to groan in the future when his term of service is over. I have the testimony of many Armenians, as well as that of Turks, to the fact that in the days before the Christian was assuming much prominence, the Turk was whacked, cuffed, and kicked quite as much as the Armenian when tax-collecting time came around and the best food and care were not bestowed on the self-invited zabtieh. The villager may starve, if only the soldier gets a good pilaf for himself and plenty of barley for his horse.

At the same time that these men are physically degenerated they are mentally untrained. They are ignorant, grossly ignorant, having no educational influences and little of the religious influence of the old Mohammedan type to check the wild animal in them when once it is aroused by any sort of physical stimulant or passion. For Mohammedanism is decaying, and its believers are not true to its best tenets. Yet so obedient are these soldiers to the words of command from their superiors that fear of their actions need not have worried the people if the officers had been men to be trusted. But there is the rub! The overmastering "if" in Turkey is found in the officials, civil and military.

The soldiers of Erzinjan were ordered out in 1894 to do a certain amount of butchery in the Sassun district. They obeyed their instructions faithfully. After the horrors were finished, some of the soldiers walked into Kharput, Bitlis, and other places roundabout, and took every opportunity to pour out the story of those terrible days into the ears of any willing listeners. "We cannot



A PLANTATION CHRISTMAS "FO



SMEDLEY 1896

“'FORE DE WAR.”—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.

keep still," they exclaimed; "all the horror of it grows upon us as we go over it again and again in our minds. We did not realize what we were doing. But if we had thought about it, what of it? We were ordered to do it, and every soldier must obey orders. Would that God would blot it from our memories!" But there were many more participants in the massacre who were of the type of the emigrant to Cairo. He boasted so gloatingly one day of the number he had killed and the horrors he had committed, that a Sassun Armenian who heard him, and whose sister had been outraged by him, was driven into a passion, and killed the Turk there and then.

Perhaps the outrages upon women and girls during the months of the massacres can find few parallels in history. The soldiers did their share of this work. At first, along the sea-coast and in the central part of Asia Minor, there was little violation; but later on, in Gurun, on the Kharput plain, in the direction of Bitlis and about Oorfa, both Turks and Kurds surpassed their own records in the commission of vile outrages. In Gurun, where there were approximately eight thousand Armenians, and where twelve hundred were killed and several hundred houses were destroyed, one hundred and fifty young men and women were carried off for immoral purposes, while many mothers drowned their children in the river to save them from such a fate. In the Kharput vilayet there were many captures of the wives and daughters of Christians for use in Turkish harems. The scores of women that were known to be carried off in the Sassun massacre would seem small in number, could accurate statistics be secured of recent action. After the Sassun affair there were twenty Armenian women in the harem of Hussein Pasha, of the Van district, several in that of the Commissaire of Police, and one in an army doctor's house, while their countrywomen were scattered all over Armenia. But an investigation of conditions in Hoh, Tadem, Yertmenik, and other villages near Kharput can furnish more horrible tales. In Tadem a Turkish agha gathered a large number of Christian women and girls and sold them to Turks and Kurds, taking in exchange horses and donkeys. He also gave women and girls to zabtiehs for the night. When soldiers and zabtiehs were quartered near the village of Yertmenik for the protection of the village, women and girls were disposed of in the same way. To-day the condition of these poor girls is pitiable, and what will become of them or of their offspring?

In Armenia Major the Moslems have always been more fanatical than their brothers in western Asia Minor, owing no doubt to the lack of contact with European nations. The Arab soldiers of Syria also took part in the demonstrations along the Euphrates, and with them a most bigoted element was introduced. Consequently it would not take great effort on the part of the Sultan to acquire some basis for his statement that the people were too fanatical to be controlled. Many Armenian villages were practically carried off to Moslem towns, and the men were circumcised by force. The Moslems went directly contrary to the rule of the Koran, according to which the faithful are to cry, Islam, tribute, or the sword. Only Islam and the sword were offered. At the village of Oozoon Oba, twenty-five miles east of Kharput, a company of Armenian men, women, and children were being transported to a Moslem village, where they were to deny their faith. The road lay along the banks of the Euphrates, and one woman, realizing the fate in store for her, called out to her companions and made a rush for the river. Others followed, and fifty-five of the company were drowned.

When the Christians have became Moslems they have received some care from the Turks, and the Sultan has made some pretensions to giving them aid. Simultaneously he has thrown hinderances in the way of those trying to succor the unconverted Armenians; every hinderance, in fact, short of absolute refusal. Foreign officials and Americans are the only ones who can distribute relief, and some of the Americans have been threatened with mob violence. The Armenians must have no chance of recovery—so the government decrees.

Opposed to the horrible conduct in some districts is the human spirit of many of the Turks, especially in central Asia Minor, where they are more intelligent. Some of them protected their Christian neighbors right bravely during the massacres, standing, well armed, at the entrance to streets and forbidding the passage of all Turks. Sometimes half a dozen men gathered around a Christian friend and defied the mob, crying, "Kill him if you want to, but you must kill him over our dead bodies!" In some Turkish families, when the men returned loaded with booty, the women burst into tears, saying, "No good will come of this; no blessing rests upon such cruelty."

The passions of the people that were aroused last autumn have increased rather than abated. Now there is the sullen calm that precedes the thunder-storm. Conditions have grown steadily worse. If there was little money in the local treasuries last year at this time, there is small hope of getting any this year, for the people have been squeezed and drained until no money is left. The Kurds may have some money, but Kurds are not counted in tax-gatherings.

Many Turks are in distress, for their occupations are gone. No business is being done. The Moslems are now hating the Armenians and the foreign powers as the cause of all their woes. Renewal of massacres is daily threatened. The Turks will kill off the rest of the Armenians before they go to war with Russia, so some of them say. Others among the Mohammedans are seeking the favor of prominent Armenians, saying, "We protected you during the massacres; we want you to remember us when the Russians take possession." A small number are conscience-stricken. The Kurds are more ungovernable than ever. Murders are frequent. The Armenians, in despair, are organizing armed robber bands, and are even planning open rebellion, though with what hope or purpose it is impossible for outsiders to understand.

The condition of the country is next door to anarchy; and the soldiers, although brave, are so poorly trained that, all in all, Russia will have an easy advance whenever she is ready to cross the present boundary-line.

Before leaving this subject let us call to mind the old Roman Prætorian Guard, and the disobedience and lawlessness of the soldiers of the Eastern Empire even from the time of Julian, and certainly after that of Justinian, and however many things that are similar we may find in the old Roman, the Byzantine, and the present Turkish governments, we must admit that the Turkish soldiers are far superior to men in the same employment in the old empires. The conditions and mode of warfare of the Turk do not admit of a comparison with those of modern nations. But while their ancient brethren in arms were guilty of all the sins in the calendar, the Turkish soldiers, although they are in as hopeless circumstances as were the soldiers of Constantine Palæologus or of his predecessors—the Turkish soldiers seldom disobey, never mutiny, never pull down and set up kings; they brave all things, endure all things, and are comparatively honest.

Set the Turkish soldiers down beside other races and in other times. Have they committed any worse massacres than their professedly Christian brothers of the past few centuries? Are they any more fanatical than these same spurious Christians have been throughout Europe?

I believe that history can be trusted to answer these questions in the negative. If we claim that the misdeeds of Christian peoples have been committed in the interests of progress and elevation of the human race, we must confess that Mohammedanism has done a great and noble work in the regeneration of multitudes of the human race, and has even contributed to Christian civilization much in mathematics and science. It has raised millions of savages into a state of primitive civilization, especially in Africa; and in the days of its glory it replaced worthless Eastern governments by progressive and creative states. But in their union of church and state the usefulness of Mohammedan governments among the most civilized peoples is past; they are anomalies that must be put out of the way. And perhaps in the destruction of these corrupt governments the best tenets of the religion may be resurrected, and the great conceptions of Mohammedanism may take a new lease of life.

TIMOTHY PITKINS.

THE DUEL AT DIX BEND.

BY HENRY CLEVELAND WOOD.

I.

"THE BEND"—Dix Bend—is a spot that cannot fail to attract the artistic eye by its beauty. Tall gray cliffs, uprising like gigantic walls, shut in between two narrow strips of bottom-land the river, which here makes a sudden turn, like the crook of an elbow.

At this point the river is obstructed in its course by a primitive dam of bowlders and logs, through the chinks of which the greenish water pours in varying miniature cascades and with a soothing melody. No less pleasing to the ear is the splash of the water that turns the ponderous wooden wheel of the grist-mill just below the dam. A quaint building is this mill, too—part stone, part wood, and dark with weather stains and mosses.

The other signs of habitation in this secluded spot are a narrow rocky road, skirting the river's edge and lost from sight at its sudden turn, and a low dilapidated house, nestling at the very foot of the cliffs, and revealing its connection with the mill by the well-worn path that reaches from one to the other.

While "The Bend" is a retired and secluded spot, it is yet one to which a general pilgrimage from the surrounding country is made as necessity and inclination direct—necessity, when there is breadstuff to be ground, and inclination when there is prospect of a gossipy chat with other neighbors, who may be drawn thither by similar desires. These advantages of mutual interchange of news and opinions make the spot a neutral ground, where the affairs of the neighborhood, and a faint outlining of matters pertaining to State and government, are leisurely considered and discussed by the frequenters of the Bend. From this there arises in the locality the usual introduction to a bit of news or gossip—"Wall, up th' Bend, t'other day, I heared," etc., etc.

One early morning in summer, while the valley yet lay in shadow, a small group of customers and idlers had already gathered at the mill, and were discussing the treatment of hollow-horn, which had made its appearance in the neighborhood among the cattle. The subdued splash of the water back of the mill as it was churned into a white foam by the revolving wheel mingled with the droning whir of the buhrstones within the building. On the opposite side of the cliffs a band of sunlight, slowly broadening, told of the growing day.

The subject under discussion seemed scarcely fitted to a scene so picturesque and fair, but to these worthy people hollow-horn was a positive evil that must be practically handled, while poetry and art were things unknown to them.

The discussion of various treatments for the disease was interrupted by the arrival of another customer—a lank, wiry fellow, with foxy-red whiskers and hair. A tuft of his red hair bristled up like a cockade through a hole in his hat. He was barefooted, and rode on his sack of corn, using a piece of plough-line for a bridle.

"Mornin', boys," he drawled, as he drew near the mill door.

"Mornin', Lige. Git down," called out Jacob Cozatt, the miller, who just then came out of the mill.

"What's th' noos, Lige?" asked one of the group, as the new-comer handed over his sack of grain to the miller's assistant, who seemed to have emerged from a generous flour-bath.

"Can't say ez thar's any pertickler," said Lige, meditatively, as he balanced a long switch between his toes in a highly skilful manner.

"Hitch yer mar', an' tell us anythin' yer know, then," enjoined a third speaker, who knew Lige's reputation of being a most zealous news-gatherer if not an energetic farmer.

"Wall," said Lige, after he had tethered his mare to a scrubby willow bush near by and joined the group, "I 'ain't heared nothin' much, 'ceptin' 'bout that thar little row they had at Zeb White's las' night, whichen I s'pose Jacob's tole yer all 'fore now."

"I dun'no' ez he did, seein' this air th' fus' he's heard o' hit hisse'f," answered Cozatt, with a good-humored smile. "Let's have hit."

"Wall!" exclaimed Lige; "I 'lowed ez Mandy had done tole yer all 'bout hit herse'f."

"I 'ain't seed Mandy sence yestiddy," replied the miller. "She warn't up when I eat breakfas', an' likely ain't up yit. The ole woman spiles her dreadful. What was th' row?"

"Wall," began Lige, helping himself to a liberal chew of tobacco from a neighbor's supply, "I warn't at Zeb's myse'f, but I hearn Almiry Jane an' Jim Mosely, ez went with her, talkin' 'bout hit at breakfas'. Jim staid at our house las' night. Hit war over which should dance with a gal. Si Parks 'lowed he war, an' Bill Lowe said he war th' man hisse'f. Thar was right smart jowerin', an' if hit hadn't been fur th' wimmin folks, thar'd 'a' been a tussle then an' thar. Them two don't yoke tergether much, nohow."

"Hit's a right smart grudge 'twixt them two, hain't hit?"

"Wall, I should jedge," answered Lige. "The trouble begin 'way back yander with ole man Parks an' Bill's father."

"What were th' diffikilty in th' fus' place, 'twixt the Sparkses an' th' Loweses?" asked some one. "I disremember o' ever knowin'."

"Good marster!" cried Lige. "Hit's so long ago, I dun'no' but what hit would puzzle 'em to tell theirse'ves. I've heared say 'twar somethin' 'bout th' ekal divide of a line fence. Anyway, ole Si Parks an' Martin Lowe hated t'other wuss 'an cold pisen, though they useter be mighty neighborly an' sich, 'fore the fuss riz. When ole Si war dyin' an' makin' peace with th' worl', somebody axed him if he had forgive Martin Lowe. They say ez he riz right up in bed, weak ez he wuz, an' nigh ter death, an' sez he, 'No, I hain't, an' I never will forgive th' thievin' ole raskil.' Then he laid right down an' died."

"An' when ole man Martin war tuck with his death sickness," said another of the group, "they say ez he called Bill ter 'im, an' sez he, 'Bill, thar's two things ter hate in this worl', an' them's snakes an' Parkses, an' Parkses air wuss o' th' two.'"

"'Tain't any wonder them boys growed up with no love fur one ernother," remarked a listener.

"Who war the gal they had the fuss 'bout?" asked the miller, as he started into the mill.

"Wall," answered Lige, with a somewhat embarrassed laugh, "I 'lowed ez yer had hearn all o' hit frum th' gal herse'f, bein' ez hit war your Mandy."

II.

While Dix Bend is picturesque at morning-time, it is even a more lovely spot as the day closes in. Then the splash of the millwheel and the whir of the revolving stones cease, while the softer gurgle of the water through the dam, and the rippling flow of the waves down the river's winding course, supplant the louder noises of the day. The band of light, narrowing in unison with the sinking sun, now changes to the opposite cliffs, while a dim mistiness and the freshening air scented with mint seem to creep up from the water's edge and to fill the valley.

Now that work was over for the day, Jo, the miller's assistant, sat out at the mill door, and gave himself up to the full enjoyment of his cob pipe. So deep were his reveries that he was quite unconscious of any one's presence, until he was suddenly addressed by a tall athletic young fellow, whose footsteps had been deadened by the river's grassy margin as he came up behind the smoker.

"Hello, Jo! Where's th' boss?"

Jo turned at the unexpected sound of a voice, and discovered the intruder to be Si Parks. Removing his pipe from his mouth, he gazed on Si for some seconds before speaking; for Jo was given to deliberation, both of movement and speech. After replacing his pipe again, he took a puff or two, then said, with a nod up the river:

"He's gone ter Pete Fisher's ter borrer his ox-yoke; ourns broke. He'll be back soon. Set down."

"Much obleeged. I hain't got time, though," answered Si, with a glance toward the miller's house.

"What yer prowlin' 'round fur this way, anyhow? Huntin' a chicken roost?" inquired Jo, facetiously.

"Not if hit's got sech tough ole fowls ez you," retorted Si.

Warmed by his rapid walking, he had taken off his hat to fan himself, uncovering a mass of short curls, intensely black. The rich color in his sunbrowned face told of perfect health, and the homespun shirt, unbuttoned at the collar, gave a glimpse of a splendid throat, fair as a woman's below the tanned line around the neck.

"How's Miss Mandy?" asked Si, after an awkward pause, and with a sheepish look he could not well conceal.

Jo gave an expressive grunt.

"I 'lowed hit warn't th' boss so much, after all," he said. "Mandy an' her mar's up t' th' house; jes go up. I've got ter hunt up my knife. I'm allers gittin' hit waylaid. I've lost 'nuff knives now ter set up shop with if I had 'em agin!"

A clump of willow bushes grew midway the path that led from house to mill, and at this spot Si met Mandy coming down to the mill to deliver a message.

"Why, howdy do, Miss Mandy?" stammered Si, quite taken by surprise, and feeling that the color was spreading over his face and creeping down his neck.

"La! Mr. Parks, air that you?" exclaimed Mandy, quite as surprised. "I warn't expectin' ter meet you 'round yere."

"No more I warn't, but we meet jes th' same," said Si, jocosely.

"Pap hain't at home, I don't believe. He's gone up th' river a piece," said Mandy, after a brief pause.

"Mebbe I didn't come ter see *him*," answered Si, with a mischievous twinkle in his dark eyes.

"Oh, if hit's mar yer wanted ter see, she's at th' house," said Miss Mandy, with a coquettish toss of her head. "I didn't know."

"Now, Miss Mandy, yer know I warn't pinin' ter see her nuther," replied Si, evidently teased. "Hit war you, an' nobody but you. I wanted ter splanify matters some 'bout that trouble at Zeb's las' night."

"Well, Mr. Parks, I don't think hit war very perlite ter git us ladies so skeered fur fear somebody'd git hurt. Not ez I'm a-blamin' you in th' leas'; fur, mind yer, I don't know who's ter blame," added the speaker, with forgiveness beaming from her pretty eyes.

"Hit warn't my fault, I don't think," said Si, in self-extenuation. "I'll tell yer jes how hit come up. I war standin' ag'in' th' wall lookin' on when yer war dancin' with Pleas Jones, an' sez I ter a fellow standin' by: 'Jes watch an' see me lead out that lady fur th' nex' dance, an' I'll show yer what dancin' is. Pleas Jones can't fling a foot a patchin' ter her'—meanin' you, Miss Mandy."

"La! Mr. Parks, how ridik'lis!" interposed the listener.

"Hit's th' truth, every word. When I went ter ax th' fiddler ter play my favorite chune, that sneakin' Bill Lowe, ez had heared me, steps up an' engages yer han' fur th' nex' dance. I couldn't help but call him a sneakin' coward when I come up an' saw how things war."

"Hit war a mean trick," acknowledged Miss Mandy. "I didn't know nuthin' 'bout hit, else I wouldn't 'a' had his company."

"I'll settle with 'im yit," affirmed Si.

A startled expression came into Mandy's face. "If yer want ter keep my good-will, yer won't do nuthin' of th' sort," she said. "I wouldn't pay no 'tention ter 'im."

"I don't take nuthin' offen no Lowe," said young Parks, with a scowl.

"But I don't want yer ter have no trouble with 'im," persisted Mandy. "I war dreamin' 'bout muddy water ever sence I come back from th' dance. That means trouble, an' I thought hit war 'lection day at the Bend."

"'Twill be 'lection day in about two weeks," said Si.

"I wanter ax a favor of yer, Mr. Parks," stammered Mandy, with downcast eyes.

"Wall," said Si, interrogatively, "let's have hit."

"I want yer ter promise me not ter git ter drinkin' on 'lection day," said Mandy, after a moment's silence.

"Why, what put sech a thing inter yer head?" questioned Si, laughingly.

"Promise me, an' I'll tell what did some o' these days," answered Mandy, evasively.

"If I didn't drink with th' boys a little, I'd never git 'em ter vote my way," said Si, after a moment's reflection. "I'll promise not ter git drunk, howsomever."

"Promise me that, then; an' "—she hesitated, and drawing yet nearer, laid her hand lightly on his arm—"an' I want yer ter promise me not ter carry no pistol 'bout yer, nuther, on 'lection day. Won't yer promise me that?"

There were tears in Mandy's eyes as she looked up into his puzzled face.

"Jewhillikins!" exclaimed Si. "What do possess yer? S'pose I war ter git inter a fight?"

"That's jes what I don't want yer ter," cried Mandy, with sudden vehemence. "Didn't I jes tell o' dreamin' o' trouble 'twixt yer two? Hit war plain ez day."

All at once an angry light blazed up in the young man's eyes. "What makes yer want me ter promise this? Air yer skeered that I'm a-goin' ter hurt Bill Lowe?"

She dropped her eyes before Si's reproachful gaze, while a flush overspread her pretty face. "I didn't say nuthin' 'bout carin' fur Bill Lowe," she answered, softly.

As she stood there, with downcast eyes, abashed and silent, surely it was not a difficult matter to read between the lines.

Even Si Parks, haunted by a jealous fear, proved an apt scholar. "Mandy, air hit fur my sake?" he asked, joyously.

III.

Election day dawned bright and pleasant at the Bend.

Coming, as it did, in early August, it was generally bright and pleasant, and usually quite warm.

The mill was idle on this day, the lower half of its doors closed, while at a table placed just within sat the recording-clerk and two judges, all duly impressed with the dignity of their respective offices, and bent on impressing it upon the voters.

The present election gave promise of being an unusually exciting one, especially in the race for sheriff, for both candidates were great favorites, and popular opinion seemed to be very evenly divided.

The polls were promptly opened at six, though some time before this hour quite a crowd had collected, and were discussing the election with various degrees of warmth, according to temperament and opinion.

The crowd gradually grew, with fresh arrivals every now and then to swell the number, and after voting, each remained to watch the progress of the election, and perhaps to aid in securing votes for his favorite.

There were many private conferences held here and there about the Bend—among the willow bushes near the road, around the corner of the mill, down by the dam, and in the thicket of pawpaw bushes above it.

During these conferences bottles and jugs were consulted with a frequency which led to the belief that though the selling of liquor was prohibited at Dix Bend, the consuming of it was by no means prevented.

Young Parks was one of the energetic workers of the day, but he kept in mind his promise to Mandy, and while he raised jug or bottle to his lips on numerous occasions, in company with his colleagues, but little of the liquor passed his lips.

He was especially anxious to elect his man for sheriff, not alone from motives of friendship and preference, but also on account of the fact that his enemy, Bill Lowe, was giving his active support to the other candidate.

Parks and Lowe had passed and repassed each other many times during the morning, but neither had given any recognition of the other's presence, and only a sudden dangerous gleam lighting up the eyes gave any indication of the enmity between the two.

At four o'clock the votes stood at a tie, and things began to grow interesting.

From this time on it was a case of nip and tuck. Each vote proved an important addition to one or subtraction from the other of the factions which seemed to alternate in ascendency

As it neared six o'clock, at which hour the polls closed, Bill Lowe brought up to the mill door a young farmhand, and was about to vote him, when Parks stepped up and challenged it.

"Jedge, that boy hain't twenty-one yit; I know hit," he said.

"Yer'r' a liar!" cried Bill, turning fiercely upon him.

Si quickly drew back his clinched hand as if to strike his adversary, and then, to the utter surprise of those about him—of Bill himself—young Parks let his arm drop to his side.

"No," he said, quietly, to Lowe, who had placed his hand on his hip pocket, as if in readiness for an attack, "I'm not a liar, an' I kin prove hit. Th' boy hain't twenty-one; yer know hit yerse'f, an' so does ha'f a dozen chaps what's here ter-day. I don't want no trouble with yer, Bill Lowe, an' I hain't tried ter pick no fuss, but yer can't vote no minor whar I am."

"Gentlemen, the polls are closed," announced the judges.

Bill Lowe, who misunderstood Si's passiveness, began to heap on his adversary all the abuse at his command.

"The cowardly booby's in love," he cried at last, tauntingly. "That's taken all th' grit out o' him."

The next moment he lay sprawling at the feet of young Parks, and all was confusion for a while.

White with passion, the fallen man arose, and undertook to draw his pistol, but friends gathered around and prevented this; but he threatened dire vengeance on his foe.

"I hain't armed," said Si, "but if he's sp'ilin' fur a fight, I kin 'commodate 'im. If he'll put his pistol away, I'll fight him fis' fight; an' if he wants ter use his pistol, we'll go out on th' grass by th' road-side, an' let 'im fling his weepon ez near or ez fur ez he wants, an' we'll both run fur hit, an' th' man ez gits ter hit fust uses hit. I'll leave hit ter th' crowd if this hain't fa'r an' squar'?"

A murmur of assent arose from those who were pressing eagerly forward to see and learn what was being done or said.

"I'll do hit!" cried Lowe, shaking off those who were striving to restrain him. "I hain't afeard o' any Sparks ez ever lived. Come on, yer varmint; I'll fix yer."

With a swaggering air Bill led the way, and Si quietly followed, while the crowd pressed close upon his heels. Even the officers of the election, uttering mild protests, hovered near. A level piece of sward was selected, and a starting-point marked off; then Bill drew his pistol, and swinging it once around his head, gave a wild yell and threw it forward. Almost at the same instant both started in hot pursuit.

It would have been a difficult matter to have selected two who were more evenly matched in fleetness of foot and in athletic prowess. Scarcely had the pistol struck the greensward when the contestants had reached the spot and were struggling to secure the weapon. Each man threw his utmost skill and strength into the desperate contest; for it was not a matter of display of either quality, but the climax of a long and fierce feud, which would probably end in death to one or the other. At one moment it seemed that Si would certainly grasp the weapon; at another, Bill's hand would almost touch it. Once his fingers did reach the handle, but before he could grasp it Si adroitly kicked it out of his reach, and the struggle was continued with renewed energy.

The eager crowd, held by a certain fascination, drew yet nearer, until a wide ring was formed about the two wrestlers on the grass.

Finally, with a swift movement, Si suddenly tripped his antagonist, who stumbled and fell backward, and as he did so Si sprang forward and seized the pistol.

A wild yell arose from the crowd, and then a deep hush fell upon it, for both contestants had arisen almost at the same moment, and were standing face to face, a few paces apart, Lowe with a look of intense hatred on his face, but with folded arms, calmly awaiting his doom, Parks with the pistol pointed at his adversary's heart.

Then, as they thus stood, a shrill cry was heard by both men and by the breathless crowd, and Si knew, rather than saw, that the one who had uttered it was running swiftly down the path toward the mill. He suddenly remembered his promise, the tearful eyes and pleading voice, the gentle pressure of a hand upon his arm, and yet, despite all this, he was about to stain his soul with human blood. His finger trembled on the trigger of the pistol.

"Why don't yer shoot?" cried Lowe, sharply, as if unable longer to sustain the strain.

For answer, Parks, with a sudden movement of his arm, raised the pistol and flung it far over the heads of the expectant crowd and out into the foaming waters of Dix River; then he turned on his heel and went in the direction whence Mandy came.

THE NEW TORPEDO CRAFT OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

The "mosquito fleet" of the United States consists to-day of nineteen vessels, including the submarine torpedo-boat under construction, and of this lot only two are built, seven are building, and ten have but recently been awarded to the contractors.

Compared with either the British or French forces of like nature, amounting to hundreds, our modest fleet makes but a poor showing. But the practical absence of these boats from our service is largely due to the prime need of developing first our heavy line of battle; it may be said, also, that recent advances in torpedo-boats have rendered substantially obsolete the bulk of the older craft owned by European powers, while we are now in a position to profit by their costly experience.

Save No. 8, which, together with two others of the same class, was provided for by the act of March 2, 1895, the illustration deals only with the typical boats allowed for by the last session of Congress. By that act we got three 30-knot boats of the destroyer pattern, three of the 22½-knot class, and four smaller craft of 20 knots speed.

Of these boats the 20-knot and 30-knot boats are of greatest interest; the first because they are so dimensioned that they may be carried through the locks of the Erie Canal and brought into service on the lakes if needful, and the second because they represent the advent of the destroyer in our service.

The destroyer is really a magnified torpedo-boat, and the consequence of an effort on the part of the British to meet, some few years back, the menace of the superior torpedo-boat flotilla of the French. The first evolution was the torpedo-boat-catcher—really a speedy gunboat—which never could catch, because of inferior speed, mechanical failure, and structural weakness. After an enormous outlay and chronic failure, the demanded speed being impossible in that type of vessel, the Admiralty turned its attention to the development of large torpedo-boats of superior speed, and batteries of 6-pounder quick-firing guns. Here they met with flattering success, and the 30-knot boats are to-day the practical evidence.

With excellent sea-keeping properties, great speed, and effective gun-fire, they are able to overhaul the lighter torpedo-boats, and to annihilate them with the 6-pounder guns, while as torpedo-boats they are even a greater menace to battle-ships and cruisers than ever were the simple torpedo-boats; and it is due to the wider effectiveness of these destroyers that the torpedo-boat pure and simple is largely out of date, except within certain narrowed circles of usefulness.

As an example of engineering and constructive skill the destroyer is instructively typical of modern cunning—a long finely formed hull, perhaps of two hundred feet and more, with its stout frames easily detected beneath a steel skin a scant eighth of an inch thick, and not a line that has not the promise of speed. Within this frail body she carries boilers and engines capable of developing 5600 indicated horse-power; and well may she quiver with the force of this tremendous energy—20 horse-power for every one of her 273 tons—when her two engines are driving her twin screws around at a rate of 400 turns a minute. Her boilers teem with a pressure of 240 pounds to the square inch, converting easily, every ten minutes, their contents into steam, and large blowers fan the glowing furnaces into blinding incandescence that this pressure may be maintained.

Along throughout the boiler space the sides are lined with several feet of coal, affording, so long as it lasts, a mild shelter against light gun-fire, but of no practical protection against the armor-piercing and explosive shell of the quick-firing 6-pounder. Once through and the boiler pierced, the fate of those men amid that scalding steam is frightful to picture; yet, with that fearful chance before them, they must do everything to crowd up the fury in those pulsing caldrons.

The consequence of a shot in the engine-room may be less general, but the shattering of mechanisms that thrust back and forth 800 times a minute has in it a threat that will make the hardiest shudder, and is almost sure to rip open everything in reach.

On deck two or three 18-inch torpedo-tubes and a half-dozen 6-pounder guns constitute the really modest burden for which all this energy is designed, and to bear these weapons to successful issue every bit of this power is bent.

As destroyers the purpose of such craft is plain, but it is really in their mission of torpedo-boats that their fiendish activity is uppermost. Under cover of darkness, silently and stealthily they will creep upon their quarry, their boilers quivering with their rising pressures, and their tubes loaded and trained at a determined angle. If undiscovered and within firing range, the torpedoes, with their 200-pound burden of guncotton, will be launched on their errands of destruction; if discovered, then forward like a whipped horse, tearing on and by in the face of a shower of shot from the rapid-fire guns, delivering, in passing, the charges of her torpedo-tubes. If not blown up by the premature explosion of her own petard, and sound in all her vitals, the craft will hasten away beyond the reach of that withering fire, while, if successful in the attack, the enemy is less a battle-ship by one audacious stroke.

At the close of a fight, shattered in her rapid-fire batteries, a battle-ship might still withstand a cruiser; but against the small and elusive target of a torpedo-boat she would be helpless with naught but her heavy, slow-firing guns to work in her defence. Then would be the time for the "mosquito" to bite with all her deadly earnestness.

As a guardian of narrow passes, a patrol of shallow waters, and a sentinel for the broad reaches of our navigable rivers and bays, the torpedo-boat is singularly fitted; while as a means of desperate chance and moderate loss, it is the instrument that will fill in the future the greatest number of naval breaches.

Hampered by arbitrary rules and time allowances, the peace-time manœuvres of torpedo-boats have shown but little of the true personal factor of success, while seriously handicapped by restrictions that could be no truthful imitation of the conditions of actual warfare. The truth is, the torpedo-boat and its destroyer are instruments whose possibilities are yet unsounded, and in the hands of cool, courageous, and practised men will be potent far beyond our present understanding. But the 30-knot boat has brought us face to face with some serious problems in mechanical and tactical handling; and, with us, the men have yet to be made by years of practice who can serve this type with the touch of perfect confidence.

In war-time, life on such a craft will be one unending nervous strain, to which the trying high-speed vibration will prove a wearing aggravation; but the promise of glorious achievement would far offset the pall of those fearful odds against which officers and crew of such a craft must fight.

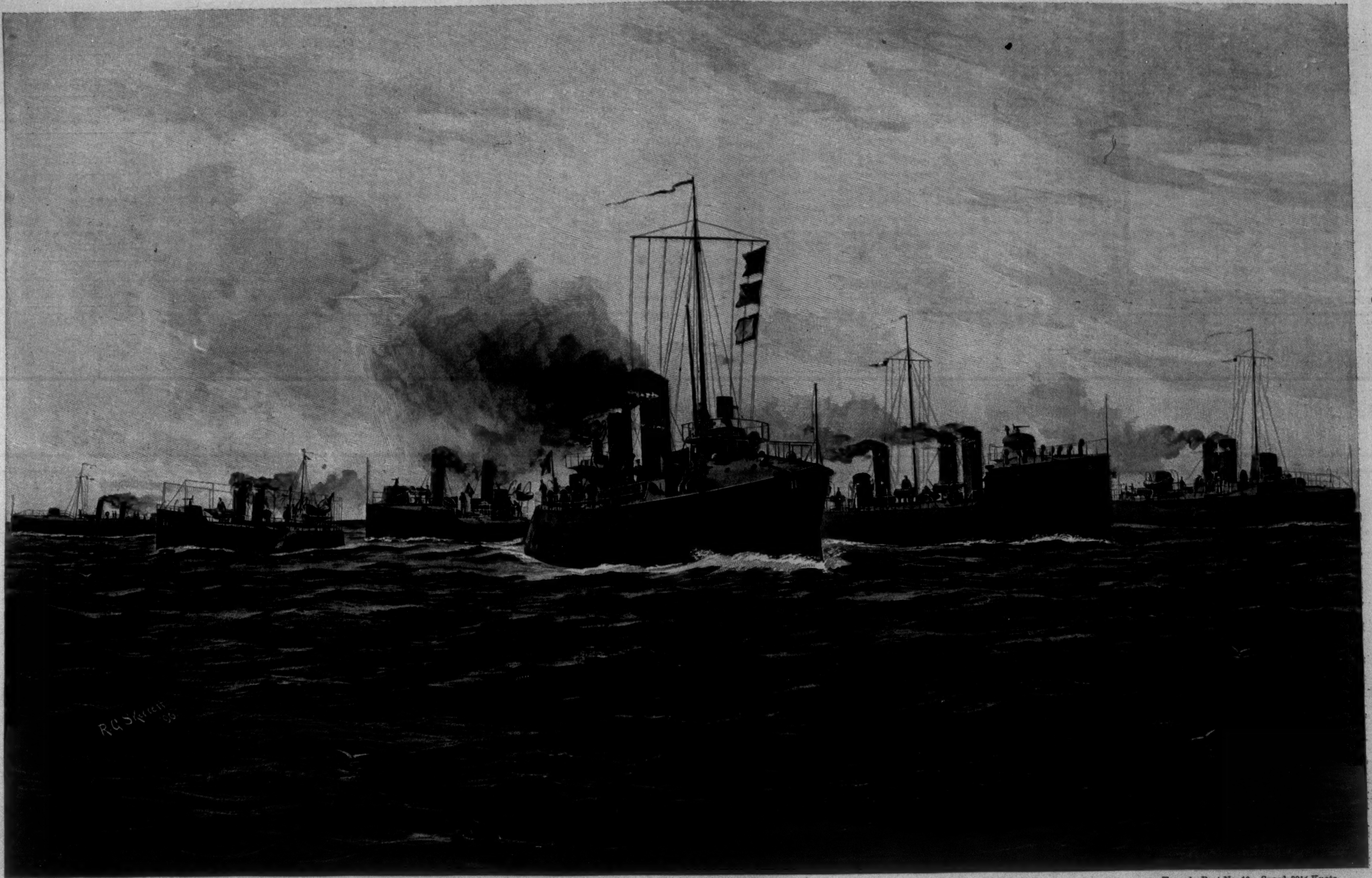
In a long struggle, that type of boat will survive which is most easily replaced, and the rapidity with which a torpedo craft can be built is present evidence of the important part it will take in the make-up of a concluding fleet, and a further testimony to the need of a well-drilled force to man it.

Chief-Constructor Hichborn says we have not hesitated to borrow our designs from abroad—the Union Iron-Works' boat being after the British *Desperate*, while the Bath boats are upon French lines; and the performance of these and the other boats of native draught will have in them all that is needful to place us in touch with the best performances anywhere, and open to us at the same time lines of original promise.

The general particulars and principal dimensions of the boats are:

Contractors.	No. of Boat.	Length.		Beam.		Extreme Draught.		Trial Displacement.	Maximum I. H.-P.	Guaranteed Speed.	Contract Price.
		Ft.	In.	Ft.	In.	Ft.	In.	Tons.		Knots.	
Herreshoff Mfg. Co......	6	175		17		8				27.5	$147,000
" " "......	7	175		17		8				27.5	147,000
Moran Brothers' Co......	8	170		17		8		182	3200	26	160,000
Bath Iron-Works........	9	147		16	4.5	8		143.3	4200	30.5	194,000
" " "........	10	147		16	4.5	8		143.3	4200	30.5	194,000
Union Iron-Works	11	210		20	4	6		240	5600	30	227,500
Wolff & Zwicker........	12	146		15	4	5	4	117	1750	22.5	81,546
" " "........	13	146		15	4	5	4	117	1750	22.5	81,546
Herreshoff Mfg. Co......	14	139		15	6	4	6	103	1750	23	85,000
" " "......	15	100		12	6	5	3	46.5	850	20	39,000
" " "......	16	100		12	6	5	3	46.5	850	20	39,000
Charles Hillman Co......	17	101	6	12	6	4	8	65	850	20	48,500
Columbian Iron-Works..	18	101	6	12	6	5		65	850	20.25	45,000

R. G. Skerrett.



Torpedo-Boat No. 14. Speed, 23 Knots. Designed by Herreshoff Mfg. Co.

Torpedo-Boat No. 17. Speed, 20 Knots. Designed by the Navy Department.

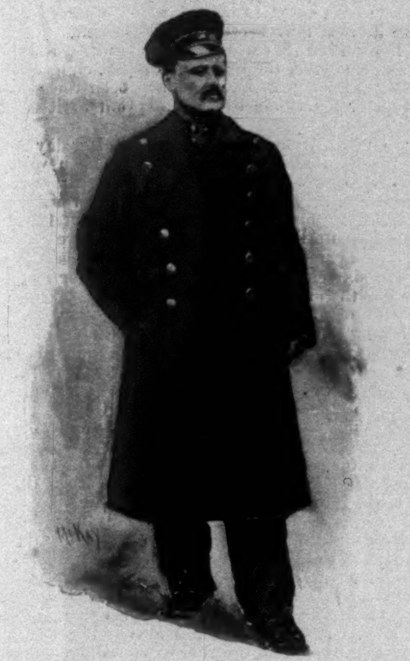
Torpedo-Boat No. 12. Speed, 22½ Knots. Designed by Wolff & Zwicker.

Torpedo-Boat No. 11. Speed, 30 Knots. Designed by the Union Iron-Works.

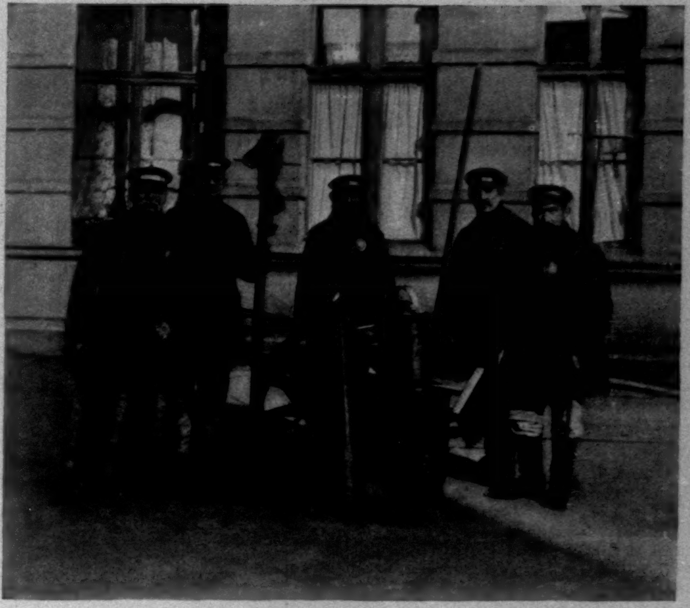
Torpedo-Boat No. 8. Speed, 26 Knots. Designed by the Navy Department.

Torpedo-Boat No. 10. Speed, 30½ Knots. Designed by the Bath Iron-Works.

THE NEW TORPEDO CRAFT OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.—Drawn by R. G. Skerrett.—[See Page 1279.]



STREET-CLEANING INSPECTOR OF A SUBSTATION.



A GANG OF STREET-CLEANERS WITH IMPLEMENTS.

STREET-COMMISSIONER WARING'S TOUR OF OBSERVATION IN EUROPE.

BY GEO. E. WARING, JUN.

III.—STREET-CLEANING IN BERLIN.

FOR several reasons Berlin offers special attractions as a field for the study of street-cleaning methods from the point of view of the work in New York. In the first place, it is the only large city in Europe in which the sweepers are uniformed—beyond a special cap or badge, serving for identification, but not modifying the variegated clothing of the common workman. In the next place, Mr. Albert Shaw, in his *Municipal Government in Continental Europe*, gives prominence to the cleanly condition of the streets, and he sets forth in detail and very clearly the excellent government of Berlin, while Miss Colbron's paper in the New York *Times* last spring indicated a very good management of the Department of Street-cleaning.

My investigation showed, almost at the outset, the correctness of the Berlin department's own statement, in its last annual report, that "comparisons with other great cities cannot convey a correct impression as to the relative cost of the work, because the conditions are so different."

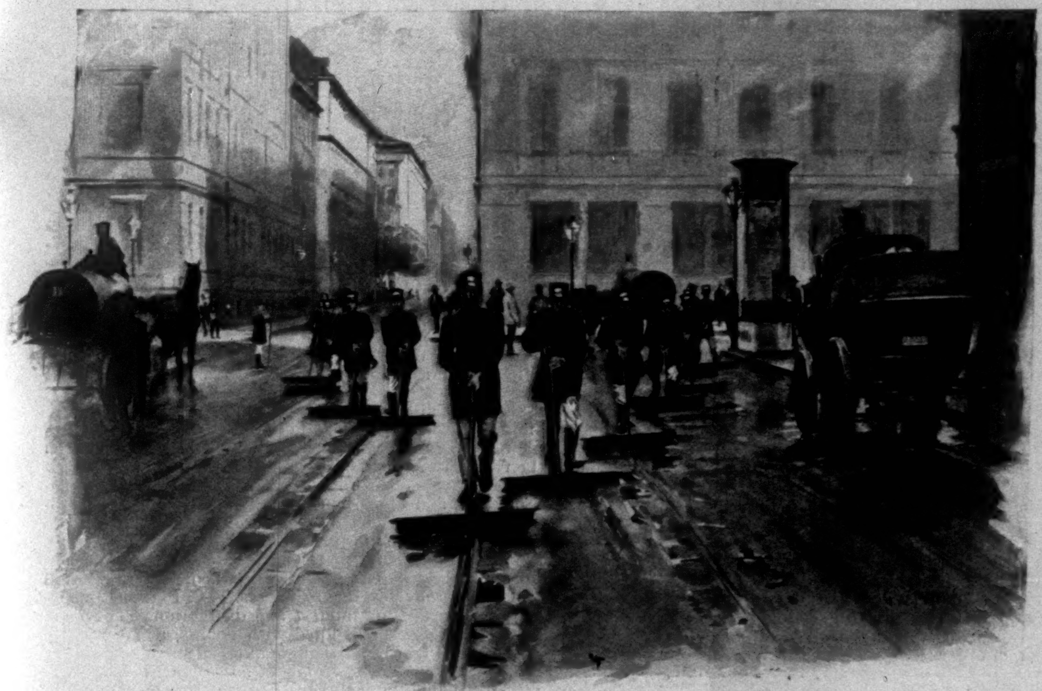
This applies to methods and to results as well as to cost. For example, in New York we sweep every street at least once a day; we do not sprinkle the streets; we do not sweep the sidewalks; we remove all household refuse; and we are charged with the final disposition of street and household wastes of every kind. This last item costs us about $475,000 per year. In Berlin, on the other hand, the department sweeps the streets on an average of only three times a week; it sprinkles the street; it sweeps all the sidewalks; it has nothing whatever to do with household wastes of any kind, neither ashes, garbage, nor refuse; it disposes only of the dirt swept up in the streets and from the sidewalks, and it pays a contractor for this removal only about $140,000.

With us practically no street dirt is allowed to be run into the sewers. In Berlin all that can be made liquid enough is so disposed of. We have to find our own points of disposal—thus far, at sea—while in Berlin this is the lookout of the contractor.

It is clear, therefore, that however much we may find that is of interest, we cannot make useful comparisons as to cost nor as to processes. The rate of wages and the number of persons employed differ in a most important degree. Our force numbers about 2700, of all grades, and we pay our sweepers and drivers an average of about $680 per year. In Berlin the force numbers only about 900, men and boys, and their average pay is not more than about $200 per year. Our annual outlay is about $3,000,000; that of Berlin is about $760,000. The two cities are of very nearly the same population.

Therefore, setting comparison aside, let us see just what the work of the department is in Berlin, and how it is done.

The more frequented streets are swept every day, others three times a week, others twice a week, and others again only once a week. Those that are not swept daily are looked to pretty constantly, and any excessive fouling is removed by ambulant gangs employed for this purpose. The sidewalks are swept early in the morning. Very much of the street-sweeping is done by machinery, by contractors, and this is almost exclusively night-work, beginning at eleven o'clock and ending before six in the morning. The "stroke" of the machine is swept into heaps, shovelled into wheelbarrows, and dumped at convenient points, from which it is taken by the contractor's wagons. I was out on one very rainy night, and found a good deal of this dirt being run into the sewer inlets. In these much of the sand is held back by a trap, while much sand and most of the mud enters the sewers, from which it is necessary from time to time to remove deposits by flushing or by mechanical means.



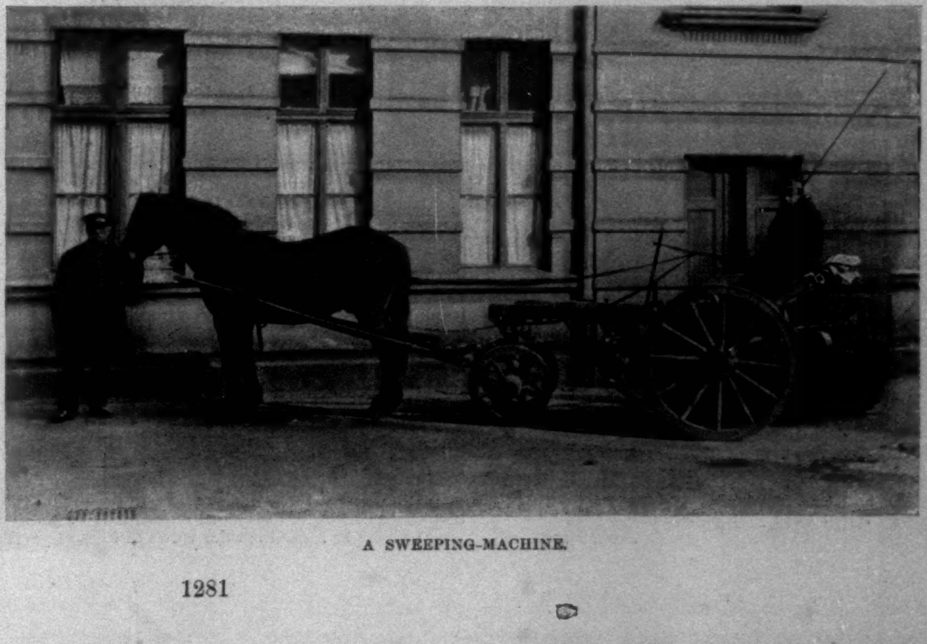
ASPHALT-BOYS CLEANING A STREET IN WEDGE FORMATION.

As in all European cities, sand is used very freely to prevent the slipping of horses on the pavements, especially on asphalt and wood. The sanding and the removal of the ground-up sand add much to the work of the department.

The asphalt pavement is mainly very good. The same can hardly be said for the wood pavement. And this is evidently the universal opinion of the cab-drivers. I had no opportunity to inquire into the reason for this defect, which does not exist in London and Paris, but I was especially struck with the fact that a wide expanse of wood pavement on Unter den Linden, near the museum, was a series of small pools during rain, and that driving over this in any weather was very jolty business as compared with the asphalt in its neighborhood. Such irregularity of surface is a great drawback to successful machine-sweeping, and adds to the labor of hand-sweeping. Without noticeable exception, however, the pavement of this city is far, very far, from being so bad as that of most of New York. It is only our asphalt streets that are as good as these. On the other hand, there are in Berlin many macadamized streets which get only a superficial cleaning.

The question of the pay and the general treatment of the men is well worth our consideration. As we have seen, the rate of wages is very low. A gang-leader gets only 93 cents per day; a workman of the first class, only 81 cents; a workman of the second class, only 68 cents; and a boy, only 40 cents. These are more than the usual rate of wages, not only in Berlin, but in the country generally. From the standard of comfortable support, these amounts are obviously sufficient. The employés are strong, well fed, and in good condition, and the service is eagerly sought after; for, aside from the pay, the attending conditions are very favorable. In the first place, the city furnishes uniforms and tools, and it takes good care of its working-people. The boys, who are used mainly for cleaning the streets of horse-droppings and litter during the daytime, are taken on at the age of sixteen or seventeen. When they reach the age for military service they go into the army, and they have a preference for re-employment after their discharge. The second-class men, who number only about seventy in all, are raised to the first class within a single year, and sometimes earlier, when especial fitness for the work is shown. After four years of satisfactory service the men are assured their positions for life, with the pensions and other benefits provided for. In other words, employment in the street-cleaning service opens a life career to those who properly fulfil the requirements of their positions.

The work is exacting rather than hard. The regular men who follow the sweeping-machines work from midnight until eight in the morning, but they have a half-hour for breakfast, so that their actual work is only for seven and a half hours. The day men work from seven in the morning till seven in the evening in summer, and from eight till eight in the winter; but they have three hours for breakfast, dinner, and supper, making the time



A SWEEPING-MACHINE.

of actual working nine hours per day. The force is changed about so that each has his fair share of day and night work. On Sundays and holidays the day men work only from six to nine in the morning, and they receive full pay for these days.

At the same time they are considered to be on duty every day at all hours, so that in the case of floods, heavy storms, snow, etc., they may be called on at any time for any amount of extra work. They are legally entitled to no extra pay for this, but the department has a small fund, furnished by the City Council, from which it may, and does, in its discretion, give a gratuity to those who have done especially well, or who may have shown special efficiency or fidelity in their work. This is accepted gratefully as a bonus, not received as a right. Taking the year through, day and night—Sundays, holidays, and all—and counting emergencies, the work averages eight hours per day.

One of the best features of the system is the manner in which illness and disability are treated. If a man is disqualified by sickness, he is paid his full wages for three days. After that his pay ceases, but he gets the benefit of the sick-fund. If he is permanently disabled, supposing him to be a "life-member" of the force, the City Council awards him, in addition to the benefits to which he is entitled from the "sick-fund," etc., from $100 to $150 per year for the rest of his life. If he is able to do light work, light work he must do; but if he has been for four years a faithful member on the street-cleaning force, he is sure of support till he dies. It is to be remembered that in Berlin soul and body can be comfortably kept together for even as little as one hundred dollars per year.

The gratuity from the Council comes from a fund of $1000, which has been maintained since before the establishment of the "sick-fund," for use in the relief of special cases. From this source a disabled man may receive an amount equal to one-half his regular wages; and it sometimes happens that with this and the "sick-fund"—especially when a man is entitled to draw from two such funds—an idle man gets more than a working-man's pay. Such instances are very exceptional. As a rule, men who have been in receipt of benefits are very glad to get back to work again.

The "sick-fund" was established in 1892, but in this short time it has proved to be a great benefit, and the results have been most satisfactory. In 1894, out of a membership of 900, 318 received more or less help from the fund. The receipts of the fund were $8462, and the payments for disability were $4975. At the end of 1894 the invested fund amounted to $7281. The prosperity was such that the committee was directed at the general meeting to increase the benefit from half pay for thirteen weeks' sickness to two-thirds pay for twenty-six weeks; and the death payment was raised from twenty days' pay to forty days' pay. Unmarried men in hospitals receive one-tenth of the amount of their wages for pocket-money. The flourishing condition of the fund makes these liberal disbursements safe. In addition to this fund there is a voluntary funeral fund, which gives aid to the families of deceased members.

In addition to all this, men who have served for twenty-five years get special extra compensation. In short, everything possible is done to make each individual man feel that he is not so much an employé of the department as one of its members, and that for the rest of his life he is sure of care, protection, and support.

The uniform is modest and neat rather than conspicuous, and is thus less useful in calling public attention to the care the streets are receiving, and in enlisting public aid in the avoidance of littering. Perhaps it is better suited to the temper of the people of Berlin; but it cannot be doubted that in New York the fact that the sweepers stare the public in the face in every street has had much effect in securing popular approbation and assistance. The belted blouse of the Berlin uniform is originally black, but the weather soon gives it a not unpleasant greenish hue. The cap is flat and not large, and the trousers, at this season at least, are of unbleached duck—both long for good weather, and short, with long boots, for rainy days. Some of the men and many of the boys have a black haversack strapped over the shoulder, in which are carried a water-proof cape, a hunk of black bread, etc.

As already indicated, all manner of household wastes are removed by private contractors, of whom there are some two hundred, large and small. They take these wastes from the interior of the house, and our unsightly "receptacles" and ash-barrels are never seen on the sidewalk. There is no systematic method of disposal. Those who remove house wastes, as well as those who haul away the street-sweepings, must provide their own dumping-places. Much is sold for manure, some is used for filling low lands, and some is deposited in useless heaps. The city is growing so rapidly that its refuse must be carried further and further afield, with an attendant increase of cost.

As a relief from this condition, very careful experiments have been carried on for a year or more in the direction of destruction by fire, but they have been abandoned because of the high cost of cremation when applied to Berlin refuse. While this process is reasonably economical in Hamburg, where English coal is largely used for fuel, leaving a certain amount of combustible cinder in the ash, which helps the burning, it is found that the "brown coal" and "briquettes" used in Berlin make much more ash which has no remnant of fuel left in it. What is to be done in the matter is not yet determined.

I was not in the city long enough to form a correct opinion as to its cleanliness, and it rained much of the time, the rain helping the work in some ways and hindering it in others. I got the impression that it is not cleaner, nor, save as to ash-barrels, more tidy, than New York. Possibly longer observation in better weather would have given another impression.

THE POET'S FANCY.

A Suggestion from Goethe.

WHEN the poet's fancy plays,
Do not reprimand him;
You will learn to love and praise
When once you understand him.

JOEL BENTON.

MACEO.

I.

FIRST, it is worth while to see how the man's life (while the news of his death was still an unprobed wound) got itself expressed by the Cuban partisans. Here are the English equivalents of some of the phrases that were confessedly spoken "with broken heart, and tears that, by turns, afflict or console" (*llanto mortificante ó consolador*):

The chief Cuban warrior, the moderate and conciliatory politician, the patient and long-suffering citizen, the heroic champion, the mild and modest and sympathetic man, Antonio Maceo—thus he was characterized by one of his friends; and it was asserted that his epic achievements made him grand as Bolivar on the peaks of the Andes, or as Washington at Valley Forge. The whole world was fixed in astonishment at the overthrow of this colossus, it was said; and again Maceo's fate was likened to the unexpected eclipse of the sun in the zenith. We were assured that the valor and the exploits of Maceo reverberate from the tomb, and that in history they will live forever; in fact, *El Porvenir* avers that only an "accursed mischance" thwarted a plan for seating him in the presidential chair as the chief magistrate of the republic—an honor which it is no longer possible to confer upon him for the simple reason that "this giant of flesh and soul has been laid low, and has converted himself into carbonic acid and other substances".....

Such things as these (which seem a bit overwrought) have been said, and daily are being uttered in a language that makes them very smoothly eloquent. But other things you may read or hear—things so intrinsically pathetic that no harsh Englishing can quite destroy their charm; as when, in the newspaper just mentioned, we find this: "*Maceo fué un predestinado;* he was even at the gates of the capital, but could not enter. Those who conceive great ideas do not realize them"; or, in another column, this: "The Cubans, *the disinherited of the earth*, bow their heads."

Next it is worth while to see how the same event strikes the partisans of Spain.

Almost all of us are familiar with the methods in use by the professional trappers and "hunters" for securing large game. The professional "hunter" or trapper is engaged in a serious business, like the business of modern warfare, and after taking pains to safeguard his own person, just as the soldier does, by associating himself with others in the same calling, by establishing camps or forts, bases of supply, etc., he thinks it no shame to practise all sorts of deceit in order to lure the game within shooting distance.

Yes; but the obvious reply is, "Your 'hunter' is after the *inferior* animals."....

That is exactly the point.

For people of Maceo's complexion the Spanish language has some polite terms. They will be called *morenos*, "brown people," or *pardos*, "gray people"—that is to say, brown or gray they are while friendly or serviceable they are; but if it be an enemy's skin, it is black—with all the significance in that word which Americans, unfortunately, can remember.

Throughout the year 1896 the Spaniards in Pinar del Rio have been after one indomitable brown-skinned man—to them the descendant of a slave, and therefore an "inferior animal." Where a Cuban has written, "The Spanish populace, seventeen millions of human beings transformed into wild beasts, dashed out into the streets in a frenzy and cheered for the death," a peninsular editor might have written that the same number of Spanish people impulsively manifested their joy on learning that the most dangerous of wild beasts had been killed—no matter how.

The contrast thus suggested will seem too sharp, the frankness in expression will seem unlikely, to those who, before the present entanglement, have not cared to understand our innumerous southern neighbors.

II.

The circumstances in which he met his death have been for a fortnight scandalously in dispute, and even the principal features of his campaigns during this year and last year are blurred by conflicting statements and misstatements. It is not too soon, however, to base upon the undisputed portions of his record an estimate of Maceo that may at least be saner than the views of intense partisans; or, to put it quite plainly, it is possible even now to make an estimate that, being in accord with the facts so far as facts are known, may serve for the present. We have certain knowledge that when this brown man stood out, almost alone, against the treaty of Zanjón, eighteen years ago, he stood for a principle that has been the generous inspiration of his whole life. The proof of it is all at hand.

For ten years, from 1868 to 1878, day after day he had fought the Spanish strength and the Cuban weakness and his own ignorance. Just an uneducated peasant in the beginning, he had qualified himself for leadership, and then had demonstrated his right to lead, and then had led tirelessly—until the other insurgents were ready for peace. Then came the much harder test of his resolution during the sixteen years of inaction, when one plan after another was thwarted. And in the present war there has been a full manifestation of the same principle. That makes a long record of adherence to one idea, or ideal—unswerving, now violently broken. Having this record in mind, one can understand the less extravagant passages in the eloquence of the brown man's friends, though not venturing to compete with them. For the present purpose it is enough to say that this is *not* the record of a servile character or an inferior animal.

So much for his moral quality; and as for the mental part, the evidence is not less complete. Even the published reports of engagements directed by him show a plan of action common to all, but skilfully modified to fit the varying conditions in each instance. The little battle of Peralejo, described in the WEEKLY dated May 9, 1896, may be referred to as typical of the long series. Simply and briefly, it was a plan he had conceived when he was learning his lessons of attack and defence during the Ten Years' War. His successes prove that the lesson was thoroughly learned, that the plan was intelligently formed. Now, such steadfastness of mind, consistently and persistently through years of varied and sore trials, applying to each problem as it arises one approved solvent, is not a mark of intellectual inferiority.

José Antonio Maceo was born in Santiago de Cuba, on the 14th day of July, 1848, his parents being Mariana Grajales and Marcos Maceo. When the Ten Years' War broke out he and his father and his brothers chose insurrection as their work in life. Just as they had been muleteers, carters, day laborers, they became soldiers; and in their chosen occupation they have died, one after another, in different provinces. It is customary to say that the father's house had been destroyed by fire, when he called his sons before him and made them swear to fight until Cuba should be free; in point of fact, the sons have fought as only men can fight who do not need the constraint of an oath or the compulsion of a promise, and the father was killed while serving in Antonio's command.

MARRION WILCOX.

THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' FAIR.

THE best attributes of fairs are usually their purpose and the self-sacrifice and devotion of the people who carry them out. The Commercial Travellers' Fair, which is still in progress at this writing, in the Madison Square Garden, is not unlike other fairs in this respect. Its purpose, as has been before recorded in the WEEKLY, is to raise $150,000, or as large a part thereof as possible, to complete the Home at Binghamton for incapacitated Travellers and their dependent families. This desire of an association of toilers to provide for their own members who may need help is in all respects manly and laudable. Where there is a will there is traditionally a way. Whether the Travellers are right in thinking that a fair in New York is the particular way that destiny has geared to their will to build a Home will appear more clearly next week.

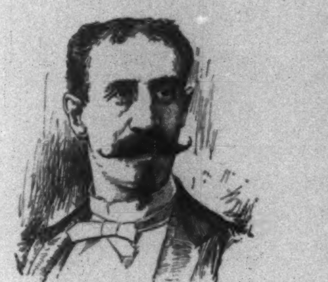
The fair is like other fairs in being held in a big place, and being full of devices to encourage large-hearted people and others to part with money. The large room on the right of the main entrance to the Garden is in charge of ladies, who have filled it with decorated china, embroideries, and other matters related to women's handiwork.

Not the least interesting exhibit in the whole fair is a table of dolls which have been dressed and sent in by well-known ladies whose help has been asked. There is a doll from Mrs. McKinley, one from Mrs. T. C. Platt, and many others of analogous interest and distinction. The main floor of the Garden is filled with booths, where a large collection of the things that commercial travellers sell are offered to buyers. A Binghamton booth displays samples of the manufactures of the Home city; another booth is occupied by the *Home Magazine*, the monthly publication of the association; in another, Aunt Chloe (colored) bakes flapjacks from somebody's approved flapjack flour.

Another conspicuous feature of the main floor is a big merry-go-round, the patrons of which ride in gondolas, to which is imparted an undulatory motion such as Venetian canals could never hope to rival.

But while a visitor might hope to get away from the main floor of the fair in continuing solvency, if he ventures down stairs his case is hopeless. All around the circle of the basement, where the horses receive their friends in Horse Show week, is contrived a succession of lairs, wherein the inevitable separation of the visitor and his money takes place with the accuracy and despatch of a mechanical process. Here are gold-mines, beauty shows, dancing girls, fortune-tellers, exposures of the mysteries of gambling, a German village with real beer and reputed Gretchens, palm-readers, mysteries from London, wards of the city of Cairo, and distractions much too complex and abundant to enumerate, many of them of a quality to make the tranquillity of domestic life very alluring by contrast.

The Drummers' Fair is not so fashionable a show as the Horse Show, but it is astonishing in its own way, and should attract a multitude to whom horse shows are not interesting. It may perhaps find a disadvantage in the fact that its nearest friends, the commercial travellers themselves, are scattered far and wide over the country, and cannot be gathered at any one time in very considerable numbers in any one place. But New York is hospitable, and is doubtless showing itself mindful of absent friends by sending its crowds to take their places.



ALEXANDER HERRMANN.

"The Great Herrmann" was not a man to be spared out of the world without a protest. He gave innumerable shows, and if there was ever a bad one among them, the memory of it has not survived. He entertained hundreds of thousands of people in his day, and very few among them were content with one experience of his talents. Nobody was too wise or too simple to be astonished and amused by his feats. No wonder that with his cleverness, his astonishing skill, his good-nature, and his really remarkable gifts, he was one of the most successful of modern showmen.

It is pleasant to read of the goodness of his heart, and the satisfaction he took in giving pleasure which brought him no money returns, and in helping people who were less fortunate than himself. His last engagement was in Rochester, and while there he gave an exhibition before the boys of the State Industrial School, and provided for the transportation to New York of a dramatic company which had come to grief and was stranded.

Alexander Herrmann got his talent for sleight-of-hand feats by inheritance. He was one of the sixteen children of German parents, living in Paris. His father, a physician, is said to have been one of the best prestidigitators in Europe, but never used his powers except as an amateur. He did not wish any of his sons to become public performers; but Carl, an older brother of Alexander, took up the magician's trade in earnest, and practised it with success in Europe. Alexander ran away from home and joined him, and after sundry futile attempts of the parents to restrain him, blossomed out, while still a lad, as a sleight-of-hand artist, and presently became his brother's assistant, and travelled with him all over Europe. They came to the United States in 1861, when Alexander was seventeen years old. He liked the country, staid here when his brother went back, and finally became a naturalized American citizen. He travelled after that in Europe, India, Africa, South America, and all over the world, and is said to have given a thousand successive performances in Egyptian Hall in London; but America continued to be his home, and of late years he has had a country place at Whitestone, Long Island.

He earned and spent a vast deal of money. He liked horses, yachts, and the luxuries of life, and indulged his tastes freely. His most expensive predilection was for managing theatres, and of several experiments that he made in that direction all but one are said to have proved costly failures, though no reverse could permanently embarrass a man for whom it was so easy to earn more money.

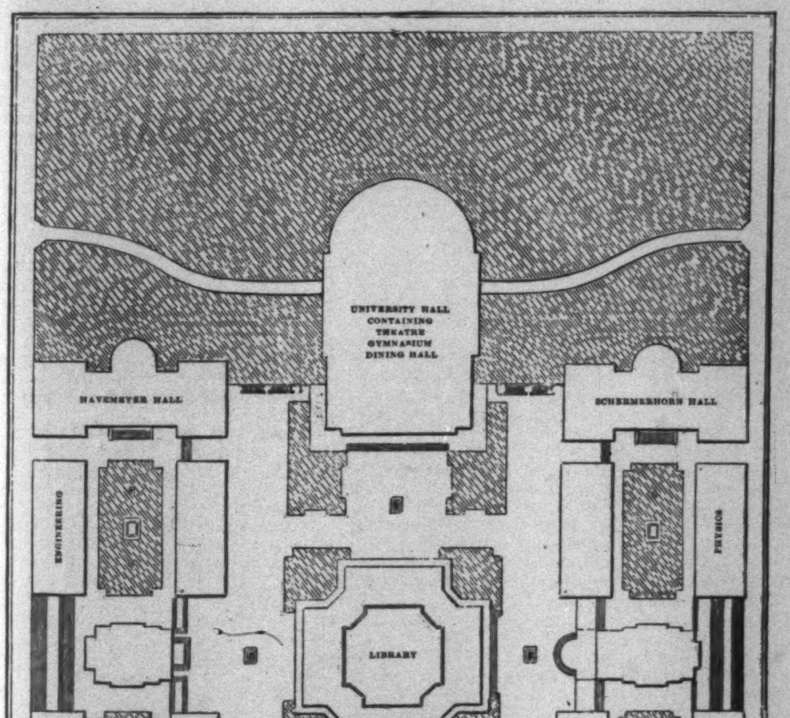
He had a nephew whom he desired should be his successor, and whom it was his purpose to instruct in his art. It is matter for regret that his sudden death from heart-disease left this intention imperfectly carried out.

THE NEW COLUMBIA.

A glance at the block plan of the new Columbia—itself, we believe, the design of Messrs. McKim, Mead, & White, the architects selected for the Library and the Alumni Building—shows that this latter is an integral and an extremely important part of the scheme. The Library is the nucleus of the plan, as it must be of a modern university. Next to it in importance and monumental dignity is the general place of assembly of the university, in which its great academic funcions are performed. The provision of such a place is the main object of the new building, although it is combined with other objects of such importance that they can hardly be called subordinate. The new building, which has been named in advance University Hall, and of which an illustration, taken from the large-scale model that has been lately on view in the Fine Arts Building, appears in this number of the Weekly, shows in its design the various purposes that it is meant to serve. It is to include not only one place of general assembly, but two—which, indeed, upon special occasions, can be thrown into one—the academic theatre and the Commons, or dining-hall, answering to the "Hall" of an English college. This latter apartment is intended, say the committee of the alumni in their prospectus, to be "the centre of the social life of the university." Heretofore it has been complained that Columbia had no social life, or at least no college life in the usual sense. The complaint has almost necessarily been true. An encampment of students brought to a New England village for the exclusive purpose of study is thrown entirely upon its own resources for social life. A body of "day scholars" meeting in the heart of a great city has as many social lives as it has members, and is assembled only during the actual hours of college exercises, which to most undergraduates do not denote social life. But the removal of Columbia to its new quarters, though it be a removal of less than four miles as the crow flies, can scarcely fail, by sequestering the university to some extent from the city, to promote a life more in common or more apart, and the authorities have made various provisions for stimulating college life. One of the most important of these is the provision they have made, or encouraged, for the actual residence of students, but which, with the withdrawal of the university from the centre of traffic and communication, has become almost imperative. The provision of studies and dormitories implies that of refectories, which does not yet exist upon Morningside Heights, and which will be adequately met by "Commons." As the condition of "commensality" is at the base of social life in general, nothing could more powerfully contribute to the social life of a university in particular than such provision for it as is proposed to be made by the alumni of Columbia in University Hall. With the dormitories and the hall, it may be fairly expected that the life of Columbia will be as much sequestered from that of New York as the life of Harvard from that of Boston.

Indeed, it is in the Memorial Hall of Harvard that the most accurate prototype is to be found for the University Hall of Columbia. The Memorial Hall of that edifice is, in fact, the transept between the towers of a cruciform edifice, of which the apse is the academic theatre and the nave the dining-hall. These requirements are to be met in the University Hall of Columbia, the dining-hall being intended also for a memorial hall. It is intended to finish it with some resemblance to an English college hall, and doubtless it will come to be embellished, as Tom Brown found the hall of St. Ambrose's to be, "with pictures of old swells who have endowed the college in some way, or at least have fed here."

But there is another and very important requisite of college life which the Harvard Memorial Hall does not answer, which is to be included in the University Hall of Columbia, and that is the gymnasium. In Harvard, as in most American colleges, this is a separate building, but at Columbia it so fell out that the lay of the land, ingeniously taken advantage of by the architect, enabled it to be accommodated at the centre of the other phases of academic life, not only without detriment, but with a positive gain to the architectural character of the structure. The daily newspapers have given descriptions of the new building, of which the most salient point was that it was to have three stories underground. This is a very misleading way of putting it. The fact is that there is an abrupt and considerable change of level in the site of Columbia, the abruptness of which has been emphasized by the erection of a retaining-wall at the dividing-line. The ground there drops some twenty-five feet, and there is a further and gradual decline of some five feet between the retaining-wall and the rear of University Hall. This topographical peculiarity was made to serve two uses. A driveway runs through and under the building about midway of its length, furnishing a convenient carriage approach and entrance. The space between this driveway and the retaining-wall was made available for the power-house, which contains the plant for the whole projected group of university buildings, and which is thus established at once in the most convenient and the least conspicuous place—a place, indeed, in which it will hardly force itself at all upon the notice of visitors. To the north of the driveway, and under the theatre, is the gymnasium, which is in effect a semicircle of some ninety feet radius, and which is to consist of three vertical stages. The basement, containing semicircular swimming pool one hundred feet in diameter; on the ground floor, the gymnasium proper, with a running-track suspended above it in the manner of a gallery, twelve feet wide, and of which nine circuits make a mile. These are the "three underground stories," and while it is true that they are beneath the level of the plateau upon which the building



GROUND-PLAN SHOWING ARRANGEMENT OF BUILDINGS, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

No Christmas and New-Year's table should be without a bottle of Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

Use BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

STEINWAY

Pre-eminently the best Pianos made; exported to and sold in all art centres of the globe, and endorsed and preferred for private and public use by the greatest artists and scientists. Illustrated Catalogues mailed free upon application.

STEINWAY & SONS, 107-111 E. 14th St.,
NEW YORK.

Syrup of Figs

has in use proven itself one of the greatest of factors in producing a clear, clean skin, and, therefore, a perfect complexion. Taken regularly in small doses, its effect will give satisfaction to the most exacting.

Agreeable

Preventives in season are much surer than belated drugs. A healthy condition of the Kidneys, Liver, and Bowels is the strongest safeguard against Headache, Racking Colds, or Fevers.

Syrup of Figs

Acts as a perfect laxative should, cleansing and refreshing the system without weakening it. Permanently curing constipation and its effects.

Mild and Sure

Pleasant to the taste and free from objectionable substances. Physicians recommend it. Millions have found it invaluable. Taken regularly in small doses, its effect will give satisfaction to the most exacting.

MANUFACTURED BY
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
For sale by all Druggists.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The oldest and best Specific against dyspepsia; an appetizer and a promoter of digestion.

Ask your Grocer, Liquor Dealer, or Druggist.

A Gift-Book for Everybody

"HARPER'S BOOK OF FACTS"

A Classified History of the World, embracing Science, Literature, and Art. Brought down to the close of the year 1894. Compiled by JOSEPH H. WILLSEY. Edited by CHARLTON T. LEWIS. Large 8vo, 954 pages. Gilt Top. Bound in Cloth, $8 00; Three-quarter Leather, $10 00.

A universal cyclopædia of facts.—Independent, N. Y.

It would be difficult to condense more of value in one volume.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

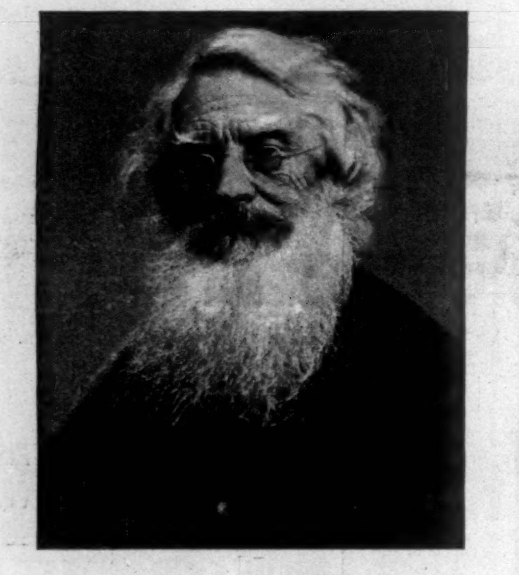
The most scholarly, complete, and useful compilation, of the kind, of general facts, information, and dates that has ever been given to the public.—Boston Journal.

Without question the most useful book of reference for the general reader that has ever been compiled. It is more useful even than an encyclopædia, for it contains more actual facts of constant reference.—N. Y. World.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York

fronts, it is also true that they open out-doors and can be directly lighted and ventilated. The main entrance to the gymnasium is, in fact, at the extremity of the apse and on a level with the gymnasium floor. The basement, which includes gymnasium and power-house, is of the dark local rock of which the retaining-wall is built, and is laid with rough face, so as to form an effective terrace, upon which stands the rear of the superstructure on the level of the plateau. It is rather a pity, considering the style of architecture chosen, that this superstructure could not be built in the monochrome of hewn stone that is employed in the Library. The use of brick in the plain walls, however, was economically compulsory, and, accordingly, while the portico is to be built of the same Indiana limestone as the Library, which also is to be employed in the wrought-work, the field of the wall is to be of the rough and dull red "Harvard brick." The material will still more strongly help the quadrangle of Columbia to recall the plan of Jefferson for the University of Virginia, to which the new Columbia will bear a much stronger resemblance than to any other college-yard in the United States.

Architecturally the simple Hellenism of the Library Building was evidently impracticable for a building so very much more complicated, and, indeed, the difficulties of design were increased by the adoption of any phase of classic architecture, to which the new Columbia is, however, committed. Nobody will maintain that the Victorian Gothic of the Harvard Memorial Hall is architecturally successful, but at least a romantic style was indicated by an irregular building. It is, however, gratifying to observe how far the architect of the University Hall has been able to go in the direction of expressiveness without a sacrifice of the stateliness and symmetry of the Renaissance in which his work is composed. Utilitarian necessities doubtless prevented him from emphasizing the distinction of the purposes to which the two ends of his building are devoted by a projection at the centre. In default of this, he has at the same time distinguished and united the theatre and the dining-hall by carrying higher the mass between them, with its separate roof, and thus supplying a dominant feature to the pile. With its commanding site, its ample dimensions of 185 feet by 250 and 70 in height to the cornice-line, and its carefully and successfully studied forms in outline and detail, University Hall promises to be the chief ornament, after the Library, of the new Columbia, and one of the municipal possessions of New York.

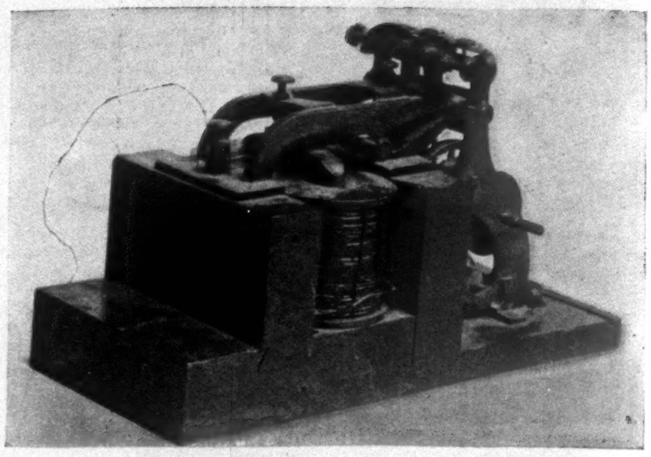


SAMUEL F. B. MORSE.

THE FIRST TELEGRAPH.

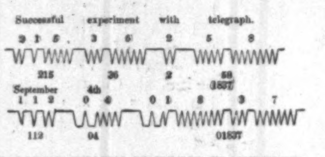
FIFTY-TWO years ago a little line of wire, but forty miles in length, stretched along the route of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad from Washington to Baltimore, constituted the entire telegraphic system of the world. On May 24, 1844, was transmitted the first recorded message that passed over the entire length of the then just completed line. To-day the telegraph systems of the world comprise in all more than two millions of miles of wire, and, besides, one hundred and fifty thousand miles of submarine cables.

In the month of September, 1838, Professor S. F. B. Morse for the first time exhibited in operation the apparatus that he had constructed for the purpose of demonstrating his invention for transmitting intelligence by means of the electric current. Among those present at this exhibition, which was given in one of the rooms of the University of the City of New York, in Washington Square (now torn down), was Alfred Vail, a recent graduate of the institution, who became deeply interested in Morse's experiments. Learning of the professor's inability, for want of money, further to develop the invention, and, too, impressed with the immense possibilities pertaining to it, he entered into a partnership with him in the patent, under agreement to contribute not only the means for continued experiments and to obtain patents, but also to devote his time and personal services to the work. Among our illustrations is given a picture of the apparatus devised by Morse, as it was at the time he and Mr. Vail entered into this copartnership.

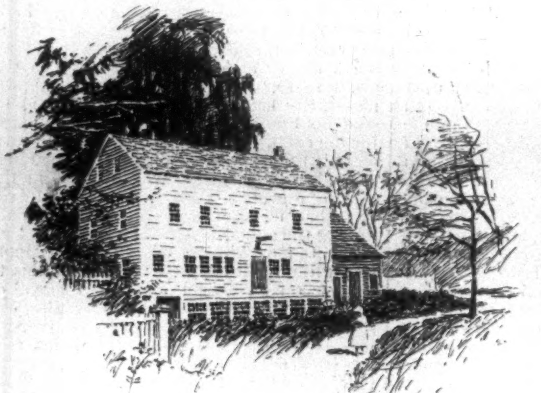


APPARATUS CONSTRUCTED BY MORSE IN 1838.

Not very long after becoming the partner of Professor Morse, Mr. Vail realized that the apparatus for which the former had filed a caveat for a patent was not calculated to make a practical commercial success. The reliance placed upon a lead-pencil to record the marks by which the message was in those days recorded was found often to be misplaced, for when the lead became worn it failed to operate. Then, too, the necessity for consulting a dictionary (devised by Morse, in which every word in the English language had its corresponding telegraphic number) when a message was to be transmitted, and the same slow, laborious effort upon the receipt of a message for the purpose of its translation, convinced Mr. Vail that some method was desirable by means of which a rapidity of sending equal to any writing could be secured, and as a result of his practical mechanical and scientific ability he determined to change the fundamental principles of the apparatus. The character of the results obtained by the action of the pendulum, with its vertical movement of the pencil as the ribbon of paper passed beneath it, will be seen in the fac-simile of a message in our illustration, which is a copy of the earliest known sentence transmitted by the original Morse apparatus, over 1700 feet of wire, on Monday, September 4, 1837. Counting the V points, it will be found that this message read numerically thus: "215-36-2-58-112-04-01837," and when translated by the help of the code or dictionary was, "Successful experiment with telegraph, September 4, 1837."



EARLIEST KNOWN SENTENCE TRANSMITTED BY THE ORIGINAL MORSE TELEGRAPH.



THE "OLD FACTORY" AT MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY,
Where the Experiments were made.

Mr. Vail changed the action of the pendulum from a swinging vertical movement to a perpendicular one, and substituted a fountain-pen for the lead-pencil. By this change he obtained a continuous straight mark upon the paper as it moved along under the pen. The operation of a finger-key, by means of which the electric circuit was closed or broken, brought the pen in contact with the paper, and when the circuit was broken a spring drew the pen from the paper. This interruption in the continuous line suggested to Mr. Vail the use of dots to represent the numerical characters represented by the V points of Morse's code system, and the idea was at once adopted.

The first message sent by this new arrangement of the apparatus was transmitted over three miles of copper wire, stretched around the walls of a large room, occupying the entire second floor of the "Old Factory," one of the buildings constituting the Speedwell Iron-Works, at Morristown, New Jersey, of which Judge Stephen Vail, the father of Alfred Vail, was the proprietor.

The judge, who had, in the interests of his son, supplied all of the means so far necessary to continue the experimental work upon the invention, had become somewhat disheartened at the delay in perfecting the apparatus, and had intimated that he should not much longer respond to the demands upon his purse. Fortunately he was not compelled to take such action, for on the 6th of January, 1838, he was informed that success had been achieved, and that he was wanted at the factory to witness the trial.

Upon reaching the factory his son told him that he would send a message to Morse, at the other end of the wire, and he would then see that success had been reached. Still somewhat sceptical, he replied, "I shall write a sentence, which if you will send, and Morse can repeat to me, I shall believe." He thereupon wrote upon a piece of paper, "A patient waiter is no loser," and handed it to his son, who transmitted it to Morse. He repeated it to the judge, who was overcome with emotion as he realized that so great an agent was about to be given to the world.

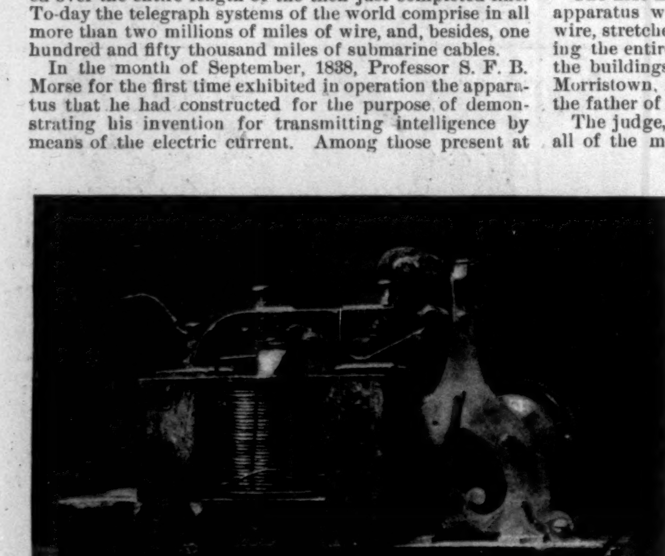
A short time subsequently Mr. Vail, recognizing the fact that the operation of the new apparatus resulted not only in dots upon the paper, but spaces and short lines as well, constructed an alphabet to consist of these characters instead of the numerical points or dot code of Morse, and seeking the aid of the type-setters of the local newspaper, he ascertained the relative value of the different letters of the alphabet in point of frequency in use, and constructed his alphabet in accordance therewith. He found that the letter "e" was that most largely used, and to that was given the most quickly made character, a dot (.), and upon this basis the entire alphabet and the numerals were devised, and thus was invented the world-renowned "dot and dash alphabet." "It is based upon the elements of time and space, which appeal to all of our senses, for it may be interpreted, with almost equal facility, by the sight, the touch, the taste, and the hearing."

Professor Morse and Mr. Vail for five long years sought at the hands of Congress an appropriation of $30,000 with which to build a line between Baltimore and Washington, but it was not until the last night of the session, on March 3, 1843, that the bill was passed, by a bare majority of but six votes. The line was completed and ready for operation on the 24th of May of the following year (1844), and in accordance with his promise made to Miss Ellsworth, daughter of the Commissioner of Patents, that she should frame the first message to be sent over the completed line, she dictated the so-called historic message, "What hath God wrought?"

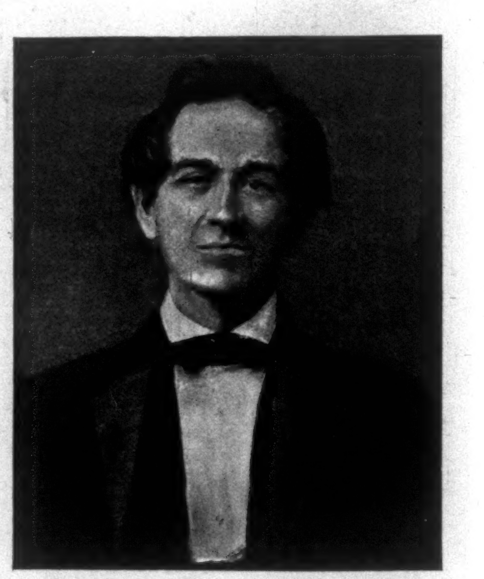
This message was sent at 8.45 o'clock A.M. on the date mentioned, from the Supreme Court room at the Capitol in Washington, by Professor Morse, and received by Alfred Vail at the Mount Clare station of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at Baltimore. The instrument upon which Mr. Vail received this message is the property of the writer, and has been for a number of years loaned to the National Museum, and bears the following certificate, written by Morse:

> The above photograph is a true representation of the earliest instrument constructed for public use, and was operated upon the experimental line from Washington to Baltimore in 1844. It was in charge of Alfred Vail, Esq., while its counterpart, a similar instrument, was under my charge at Washington.
>
> NEW YORK, *May* 31, 1870. SAMUEL F. B. MORSE.

STEPHEN VAIL.



FIRST TELEGRAPH INSTRUMENT CONSTRUCTED FOR PUBLIC USE.



ALFRED VAIL.

AMATEUR SPORT

1896 ALL-AMERICA ELEVEN.

Baird (Princeton), full-back.
Kelley (Princeton) and Wrightington (Harvard), half-backs.
Fincke (Yale), quarter and captain.
Gailey (Princeton), centre.
Wharton and Woodruff (Pennsylvania), guards.
Church (Princeton) and Murphy (Yale), tackles.
Gelbert (Pennsylvania) and Cabot (Harvard), ends.

SUBSTITUTES.

In the line.

Cochran (Princeton), Rinehart (Lafayette).
F. Shaw and Wheeler (Harvard).

Back of the line.

Smith (Princeton), Minds (Pennsylvania).
Brown and Dunlop (Harvard).

THE FOOTBALL SEASON OF '96 provided interesting and brilliant illustration of the impossibility, under the present rules, of insuring an open game. And yet the rules of '96, revised under the auspices of the University Athletic Club by a most competent committee, were the best rules which by the light of past experience could at that time have been made. American football, however, is continuously growing, and we must keep pace with its development by accepting the lessons of each season's play, and by recasting our rules in accordance.

For several years the tendency to more or less close play has been marked; two years ago mass plays were the rule, last year much of them was eliminated, and this year the five-yard rule abolished actual mass formation, but left abundant room for close play, and failed to open the game, as most of us had wished it might do.

The lesson taught by the '96 season is, therefore, that the rule reading,

> When the ball is put in play, at least five men must be on the line of the scrimmage. If, when the ball is put in play, five players, not including the quarter-back, be behind the line of scrimmage and inside of the positions occupied by players at end of said line, then two of these players must be at least five yards back of said line,

has partially failed in its purpose, and that it does not entirely proscribe mass formations, nor give us the open games so very much desired.

IT WOULD BE UNWISE, I think, to go further in prohibitive legislation in so far as the formation of the eleven is concerned. It seems to me the captain should be bound in that respect to no greater extent than the present rule holds him. Moreover, we do not wish the strategic element of football destroyed, because it is one of its most fascinating qualities. Unless very radical and altogether undesirable rules were made, it is more than probable the ingenuity of captains and coaches would devise a means of getting around any rule in favor of some play which relied for its success largely on mere physical exertion. Nor would it be desirable, in my opinion, forever to expel close play from the captain's catalogue.

What we do wish is to make the play more open. Not because close play is more fruitful of injury, nor because it is not scientific, but because it rather makes of mere brute force an ascendant quality, and tends to the introduction of plays that show too wide a discrepancy between mind and matter.

It is not well for the future of football that its development should be along only the strength-requiring lines. Much physical effort is needful in all the plays of football, but a close adherence to wedges, turtle-backs, and other mass plays would soon destroy the traditions of the game and the interest of the spectators. And it is well to bear this in mind.

RATHER THAN TO GO further in the prohibition of close plays, it seems to me the advisable course of legislation lies in suggesting rules that will make close plays less valuable to the side using them. Experience has taught us that a close play at its uttermost perfection is more often than not sure to gain the requisite five yards in four downs. It may be argued that a team which attains such skilful development in this direction is entitled to the reward, and in a general way this is of course true. But that brings us back to the point from which we started, and from which we wish to diverge. Given two teams of equal physical strength using mass plays, and the game would resolve itself into a pushing-match.

The only apparent solution appears to be through increasing the number of yards that must, in order to retain possession of the ball, be gained in four downs.

It is not probable that greater skill in close plays will be developed than has already been shown, so we are safe in taking what has been accomplished in the past as a basis in providing for the future. If, therefore, it were ruled that a team must gain ten instead of five yards in four downs, we should undoubtedly attain the open game without entirely abolishing close play.

INCREASING THE DISTANCE to be gained would not, so far as I can see, make the game harder. It would naturally make a faster game, and certainly give us plenty of kicking and some of the old long passing and the criss-crosses. Instead of depending on close play almost entirely, it would be reserved for a supreme effort when near the opponents' goal, or tried for a down, or perhaps for even two, on first possession of the ball; but a kick or some brilliant open play would beyond doubt be necessary to making the required ten yards.

Besides, it would relieve the present wear and tear on the men in a hard match. Take, for instance, that "revolving tandem" which Princeton worked this year on Yale to a consummate degree of perfection. It is beyond human possibilities for a tackle—even though he were eight feet tall and weighed a ton—to stand up, not to say to resist, that catapult when directed against him. Any team that perfected such a play would drive through any given point of any opposing line; it is simply the concentration of several men on one man of the opponents' line, towards whom they are whirled in single file. The strength of this play is in the rapidity of the whirling and the contiguity of the men in the whirl. It is the philosophy of shooting a tallow candle through an inch board applied to football. Princeton did it superbly, and wore Yale's line men to a standstill. If Yale had had the same play, and played it so well, Princeton would have found it as impossible to stop as Yale did.

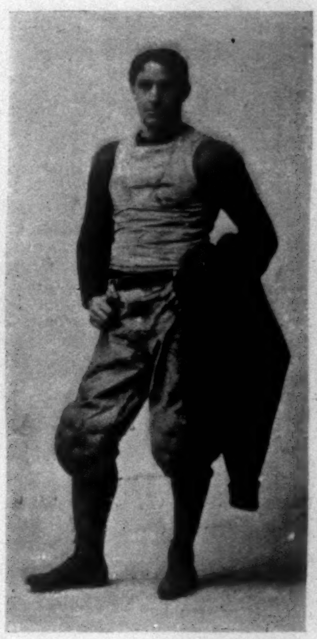
We do not want to lose plays like this, but neither do we want the afternoon devoted to them; because they are practically unstoppable, and if all the teams employed

BAIRD, PRINCETON,
Full-back.

CABOT, HARVARD,
End.

KELLEY, PRINCETON,
Half-back.

FINCKE, YALE,
Captain and Quarter.



GELBERT, PENNSYLVANIA,
End.

WRIGHTINGTON, HARVARD,
Half-back.

MURPHY, YALE,
Tackle.

WOODRUFF, PENNSYLVANIA,
Guard.

GAILEY, PRINCETON,
Centre.

WHARTON, PENNSYLVANIA,
Guard.

CHURCH, PRINCETON,
Tackle.

THE ALL-AMERICA ELEVEN OF 1896.

them, as undoubtedly they will if permitted, we may give over all hope of ever getting more open play.

PERHAPS THE MOST SATISFACTORY feature of the past season was the sportsmanly bearing that marked players generally, and especially in the Eastern big games. In no year has there been so little unnecessary roughness. Not a man was ruled out of the important games for slugging, and I saw only one throughout the season who deserved to be. A similar improvement has been noticeable also in the West, and, generally speaking, in the South, although there was one incident in the latter section which would have disgraced the game and the participating colleges but for the prompt action of the interested faculties. Youth and some trouble-making spectators were responsible for the one exception to the Southern rule of clean games manfully played.

FOOTBALL PLAY OF '96 cannot be said to have shown any special improvement on '95, and with the exception of Princeton and Lafayette and the Carlisle Indian School, no Eastern college surpassed its previous efforts, and a few failed even to equal them.

Pennsylvania's eleven, for aggressive strength, was perhaps the most formidable in the history of that university, but as a team it was not so strong as the one of '95. The famous "guards back" interference of '95 was unaffected by the '96 rules, and proved the most valuable of Pennsylvania's methods of advancing the ball. The team was strong, too, on the defence, but in kicking weaker than any of the other leading teams. For the first half of the season Pennsylvania's play was very poor, fumbling and inharmony of action marking her general work; but she immeasurably improved during the last half, and met Harvard at her best, although that best was not up to the previous year's standard. I attribute Pennsylvania's poor showing for half the season to too great a confidence in the benefits of a preliminary training season—a fallacy which will not lead her astray another year, I fancy.

IF HARVARD'S AILMENT were no more serious, her sons would have occasion for genuine rejoicing. But the verdict of wasted opportunity in '96 was also the verdict on the close of '95, and seems likely to continue for evermore, unless some radical change puts the preparation of the elevens on a more intelligent basis. It is so doleful to repeat the same old story, and yet there is none other to tell. However, I shall make it brief, and so clearly to the point that I hope it may lead to some urgent and consonant action by the men who are nearest to Harvard's athletics. In a word,—Harvard's football eleven was the victim of wretched management, which affected both its training and coaching. Because of improper training, half the team was out of practice on account of injuries most of the season, and actually nine of the eleven that played Pennsylvania were not fit for the supreme effort of so important a game. Because of its inadequate coaching, the possibilities of the team were not fully realized.

This is not to be taken as a criticism on the coaching of Waters and Newell, who gave Harvard one of the strongest lines in her history, but on the policy (and its sponsors) that expects two line men, be they never so expert, to round out a team; that ignores the first principles of training, and sets by the ears all the *alumni* who might, if sensibly encouraged, inaugurate a rational system of coaching.

WATERS AND NEWELL WERE GIVEN NO substantial assistance from beginning to ending of the season. It will be hardly credited, I am sure, when I say that after the Princeton game, which revealed Harvard's weaknesses, only one football *alumnus* went out to help in the coaching! and all through the season the backs and quarterbacks and ends had the benefit of especial and expert coaching on only three or four occasions!

What result could be expected from such a policy? Harvard simply did not make the most of her material, which was as good as if not the best she ever had. That the team did so well reflects great credit upon Waters and Newell, and more particularly upon the men themselves; I never saw men so handicapped play so well or struggle on more pluckily under such disadvantages.

Whether Harvard's ailment be indifferent *alumni*, or *alumni* and coaches and trainers pulling at cross-purposes, or an improper system of training, or inefficient or insufficient coaching—Harvard football elevens suffer nevertheless, while we all look in vain for the inauguration of that "sensible" policy which we have long heard was forth-coming.

IT APPEARS TO HAVE BECOME POPULAR to refer to Yale's '96 eleven as the weakest one that ever came from New Haven—a deduction from superficial observation, as are most popular vogues. There have not been so many Yale teams stronger than that of '96, and some have been weaker. In fact, this year's team could not be called weak at all. It was not a star team, but an evenly developed one, and while not so strong as the '95 eleven, was far from deserving the general assertion of weakness. The common mistake made in discussing the respective merits of the larger college elevens is in taking, three or four years ago, the superiority of Yale as a basis for comparisons to-day.

It should be remembered that Yale has been the leader in the development of scientific football, and that the others, in the last three years particularly, have been catching up with her. Two years ago Pennsylvania caught and last year passed her, and Yale's '95 team was about as strong a one as has come from New Haven. This year a lower average of skill behind the line still further lessened Yale prestige, and she has been passed certainly by Princeton and Pennsylvania, and, in actual strength of play, most probably by Harvard also. But that does not indicate retrogression in Yale football; it means improvement in Harvard and Princeton and Pennsylvania.

Last year the Pennsylvania eleven was the strongest we had ever viewed on any field; this year Princeton has developed the most remarkable team in American football history; and this year, too, Harvard had the material which, properly handled, would have very closely contested the season's second honors. Last year Yale used the revolving tandem; this year Princeton has carried it to a superlative degree of development. The days of Yale's undoubted superiority in football have passed, and in the years to come her teams must be satisfied with a share, rather than a preponderance, of victories.

YALE WENT DOWN BEFORE PRINCETON not because of a weak eleven, but because Princeton, with a team composed in greater part of the same men whom Yale had beaten the previous year, had meanwhile developed to absolute perfection a play of wellnigh irresistible force; and, too, because Princeton in '96 had a captain who was a general. The one particular, aside from the half-back work, in which Yale seemed below her usual standard was in tackling. For the rest her men were simply overwhelmed, crushed, and swept aside by the marvellous perfection of that deadly Princeton revolving tandem. In the seventy minutes of play, Yale had the ball something like ten minutes! yet she played with spirit and pluck to the very end,—though certain defeat stared her in the face for the last thirty minutes.

THE GREAT STRENGTH OF PRINCETON this year lay in the absolute perfection of her team-play. Of the eleven men who lined up against Harvard and Yale, Church at tackle is the only one whose name may be placed on the list of America's great players. And yet the Princeton eleven of '96 was the strongest this country has ever produced. There were of course other first-class players on the team besides Church, and all were good, but none other was great. Baird at full is a safe though slow handler of kicks, and clever in dropping goals from the field, but his punting was no better than L. Hinkey developed this season. Baird may become a great player in the remaining two years of his course. Kelley is a desperate line-plunger who seldom fails to gain his length, but Wrightington and Gelbert are more valuable all-round backs, and the records of football contain several better and many as good as Kelley. Minds and Dunlop and Fultz and Bannard of this year are very nearly as desirable, and Van Doozer hits the line with even greater force.

Gailey is not so clever a snap-back as was Balliett or Bull or Lewis or Cranston, not to go any farther into history, and very little better than F. Shaw or Doucette. Hildebrand is certainly the cleverest Freshman tackle we have ever seen, and if he keeps the pace, is certainly destined to a place on that historic list of stars; but we can bring forth many names of the past that have been greater, one of no longer ago than last year, Lea, while there are one or two this year who are better, and several about as good. So also with respect to guards. Armstrong and Crowdis are strong and thoroughly first-class performers, but are not to be classed, to go back no farther, with Princeton's Wheeler of a couple of years ago. One need not even go outside of the present year for their superiors, for there are Wharton, and Woodruff, and Rinehart, and Bemus Pierce the Indian, and Bouvé. On the ends, Cochran is an experienced, heady, but by no means exceptional player, when compared with the many stars we remember. Brokaw, like Hildebrand, is one of the most promising men on the field; he this year equalled those of much longer experience. Smith attained the eminence of being classed as the second-best quarter-back of the year, from an all-round point of view. But he is no star.

THUS WE SEE THAT PRINCETON owes not her success this year to a "star" team. Nor may it be attributed to intricate and deceptive plays. There were very few attempts at any especially new plays, or ones that depended chiefly for success on strategic features. The criss-cross, which was worked to such good advantage, is as old as the hills, and the passing of the ball by a catching and tackled back to another back has been done before, although not so cleverly. Princeton's telling strength was entirely in the splendid drilling of her men, and the precision and speed with which every play was executed. When the ball was snapped, the half-back was already under way, and by the time it reached him his interference had formed and was going forward at top speed. When that revolving tandem struck the line it was not as four or five, but as one man, and the application was so instantaneous and the power so great that opponents had neither time to break it up nor strength to successfully oppose it. On the offensive every man got into every play with the snapping of the ball, and on the defensive every man seemed to consider every tackle his tackle.

PRINCETON'S ONE VULNERABLE POINT was in the protection of her full-back on kicks. On such occasions the protective formation weakened the line, giving opponents an advantage they were not slow to appreciate, and which, in the case of Yale, resulted in being scored on. It might have been a fatal weakness had a kicking game obtained November 21, and it was from all points of view a curious incompletion in a team otherwise rounded so masterfully. Princeton's athletic year closes with the first honors of the college season resting upon her baseball nine and her football eleven—honors richly deserved by both teams.

Having proved herself second to none in athletic endeavor, Princeton should now bring her rules up to the highest standard maintained at any of the universities. There is at present need of an eligibility rule revised to debar from 'varsity teams dropped and heavily conditioned students, also a scholarship standard which every student must reach and keep before becoming a candidate for any 'varsity team. Unless this is done, Princeton will fail to keep ethical pace with the other prominent universities.

THE IMPROVING QUALITY OF PLAY of smaller college teams has been apparent for the last three years, but no season so much as the one just closed has given such convincing evidence of their progress. Four or five years ago it was simply a question of how much of a score above twenty-five the large teams would run up on the small ones. In the last couple of years the concern with the large teams has been to keep from being scored on; and now, in the year '96, for the first time in American football history, every one of the large teams—Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Pennsylvania—has been scored on by a so-called athletic club or smaller team. Furthermore, Princeton has been tied, Pennsylvania beaten once, and Harvard beaten twice by this same kind of team.

OF THE SECOND DIVISION of teams Lafayette's work through the season seems to entitle her to first consideration, although West Point, Brown, and Dartmouth come very close. To have played a tie with Princeton (0–0) and beaten Pennsylvania (6–4), even though neither team was at its best, is such glory as Lafayette or no other small college has obtained. Princeton and Pennsylvania were, at the close of the season, several goals better than Lafayette at her best. It is to be regretted that with so good an eleven the amateur status of any one of Lafayette's men should have been questioned through toleration of the "summer-nine" abomination. It is most likely, however, that Lafayette, in common with the other smaller colleges, will follow the example of the universities, and forbid her athletes hereafter playing on these "summer nines."

On the season's work it is rather difficult to decide between West Point and Brown, but, in my opinion, the cadet team is the stronger. So is it also hard to place the Naval Academy team with relation to West Point, because the latter's geographical location gives it opportunities the Annapolis cadets do not enjoy, for play, and therefore comparison with more and stronger teams. Of the teams that played, West Point has the better record, but Annapolis had as good an eleven this year as it ever had, while West Point was no better than its previous best, and the record of games between these two academies shows Annapolis to have won three to West Point's one. They have one hundred more men to pick from at West Point, and the age limits are higher, therefore they have usually been heavier and bigger; but nevertheless the Naval Academy team has most often won the day, because of a more thorough knowledge of football and superior handling of kicks.

It is not fair to rank these two, for the reason that nothing has been proved by the season except that each has a good team of plucky players. Only a game could decide the better.

BROWN DEVELOPED A TEAM not quite so good individually as that of last year, but an eleven that played a hard season, and played it manfully and cleanly. Her game against the Indians in New York revealed the best teamwork I have ever seen Brown exhibit; it was hard and fast, and all the men got into the play for a purpose. The game played on that day was as good as any I saw Lafayette show, and a match between these two would have been most interesting and the result uncertain. The work of Fultz, Gammons, and Colby was particularly noteworthy all through the season.

Easily the next in point of excellence was Dartmouth, which for the fourth consecutive year has won the New England pennant, and kept both Williams and Amherst from crossing her goal-line. Amherst and Williams were easily beaten; in fact, the former by 32–0, and the latter on a snow field, 10–0, besides which Dartmouth played Brown a tie game, 10–10. Dartmouth played an all-round strong game, but her inspiration and captain was her quarter, Walter McCornack, who has captained this eleven for two years, and is unquestionably one of the very best quarters in the country. In the work of his position he is quite the equal of Fincke or Smith, and might in a big game even develop superior qualities. He is quick and sure in passing, and a good punter. Best of all, he has stood for clean sport, and been an untiring worker in the reform movement at his college. In choosing an All-America quarter-back, however, the games a man has played in and the quality of play of the teams must be taken into consideration, and for that reason, where individuals are so nearly equal in skill as, for instance, Fincke and Smith and McCornack and R. P. Wilson of Wesleyan, the character of football his team has shown must weigh in the balance of favor. For that reason, all other things being equal, the quarters of the leading elevens must always be given the preference in choosing a national team.

CORNELL LABORED UNDER DIFFICULTIES a greater part of the season, and learned many lessons that will undoubtedly prove of inestimable service in the future. Proper coaching has always been hard to obtain, and the teams have had to depend upon the best men who could be secured from other colleges. This year the foundation has been laid for a school of home coachers, and although it may not give Cornell its highest development in a season or two, it is a policy which will prove the most satisfactory in the end. Captain Beacham has had a trying year indeed, but showed the grit in him, as well as that in the team, by closing their season, after several discouraging games, by a splendidly played match with Pennsylvania—in which, although beaten (32–10), there was evidence of first-class football possibilities. Both Beacham and Taussig played strong games throughout the season.

ALTHOUGH THE CARLISLE INDIAN TEAM is next in the classification of the '96 elevens, it had the individual material to have placed it higher on the list, had the school been longer familiar with the game. Individually and collectively the Indians were immensely strong in the simple plays of football, but in tackling and in the general science of the game they were weak. B. Pierce, Cayou, and Metoxen are of the first class.

Wesleyan closed a most creditable season with her game against Lafayette, which she lost (0–18) by so large a margin more by her opponent's greater weight than superior skill. As usual she has played a clean game and a team game, and been captained by one of the best quarter-backs on the gridiron, viz., R. P. Wilson. Other than Captain Wilson and his brother, on end, none of Wesleyan's team was worthy of especial note, save Raymond, who is only seventeen, but gives promise of making a good back, his tackling and punting being particularly hard and well judged.

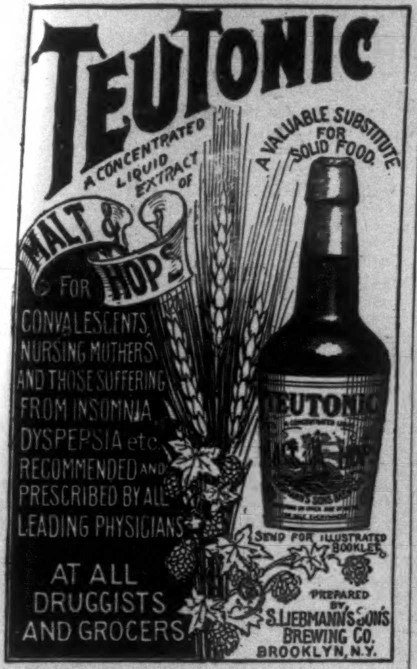
Lehigh, which comes next on the season's list, played some very good games, especially against Princeton and Brown, being defeated on each occasion by scores of 0–16, and losing also to Annapolis 10–26. Her general work was excellent.

THE ALL-AMERICA ELEVEN of '96 seems stronger in substitutes than in any previous year, and is, in fact, the most evenly balanced and most powerful national team I have ever chosen. Any one of the line-men, save Church perhaps, could be replaced by the alternates without materially weakening the team; while in the substitute backs there is abundant running and kicking ability, and Minds, if occasion required, could even be sent to his old place at tackle.

Southern football résumé postponed to next week.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

"ON SNOW-SHOES TO THE BARREN GROUNDS."—By Caspar Whitney.—Profusely Illustrated.—8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $3 50.


TEUTONIC
A CONCENTRATED LIQUID EXTRACT OF
MALT & HOPS
A VALUABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR SOLID FOOD.
FOR CONVALESCENTS, NURSING MOTHERS AND THOSE SUFFERING FROM INSOMNIA, DYSPEPSIA etc.
RECOMMENDED AND PRESCRIBED BY ALL LEADING PHYSICIANS
AT ALL DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS
SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET.
PREPARED BY S. LIEBMANN'S SON'S BREWING CO. BROOKLYN, N.Y.
TEUTONIC

Winter Resorts

Matchless in Every Feature!

CALIFORNIA

Three tours to California and the Pacific Coast, under the personally-conducted system of the

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Four weeks to nine months on the Pacific Coast. Special Pullman Vestibule Trains will leave New York and Philadelphia January 27, February 24, and March 27, 1897. (Boston one day earlier.)

MAGNIFICENT WINTER OUTINGS

of the highest grade in every particular.

Round-trip rates from New York, Philadelphia, and points east of Pittsburg: First tour, $310; second tour, $350; third tour, $210. From Boston: First tour, $315; second, $355; third, $220.

For itineraries and all information of California, Florida, and Washington tours, apply to Tourist Agent Pennsylvania Railroad, 1196 Broadway, New York; 205 Washington St., Boston; 789 Broad St., Newark, N. J.; or Geo. W. Boyd, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agent, Philadelphia.

VIN MARIANI

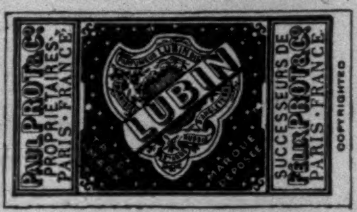
MARIANI WINE—THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC—FOR BODY AND BRAIN.

"TO CURE MY COLD I TOOK HOT GROGS WITH THE DELICIOUS VIN MARIANI, AND IT ENABLED ME TO SING CARMEN."

EMMA CALVÉ.

Write to MARIANI & CO., for Descriptive Book, **75 PORTRAITS,** Indorsements and Autographs of Celebrities.

Paris: 41 Bd. Haussmann.
London: 239 Oxford St.
52 W. 15th ST., NEW YORK.


PAUL PROT & Co. PROPRIÉTAIRES. PARIS·FRANCE
LUBIN
MARQUE DÉPOSÉE
SUCCESSEURS DE FÉLIX PROT & Co. PARIS·FRANCE
COPYRIGHTED

Counterfeit IF WITHOUT THIS STAMP

Parfumerie Lubin

THE WORLD'S STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE FOR OVER NINETY-EIGHT YEARS

The only awarded at the Paris Exhibition 1889.

VELOUTINE

SPECIAL, HYGIENIC, ADHERENT & INVISIBLE
TOILET POWDER—CH. FAY, Inventor

9, Rue de la Paix, Paris.—Caution. None Genuine but those bearing the word "FRANCE" and the signature CH. FAY

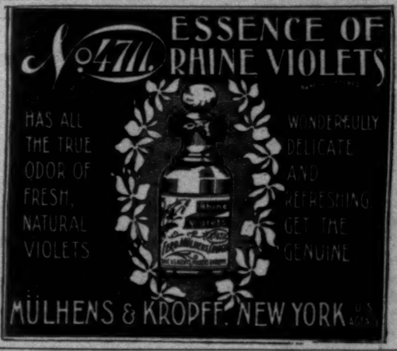
Financial

Letters of Credit. Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and West Indies. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made.

Brown Brothers & Co.,
Bankers, No. 59 Wall Street.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED. Our INVISIBLE TUBE Cushions help when all else fails, as glasses help eyes. NO PAIN. Whispers heard. Send to F. Hiscox Co., 858 B'way, N. Y., for Book and Proofs **FREE**

GET RICH QUICKLY. Send for "300 Inventions Wanted." Edgar Tate & Co., 245 Broadway, New York.


No. 4711. ESSENCE OF RHINE VIOLETS
HAS ALL THE TRUE ODOR OF FRESH, NATURAL VIOLETS
WONDERFULLY DELICATE AND REFRESHING. GET THE GENUINE
MÜLHENS & KROPFF, NEW YORK U.S. AGENTS

ONLY CURE FOR PIMPLES IS Cuticura SOAP

It is so because it strikes at the *cause* of the *Clogged, Irritated, Inflamed, Sluggish,* or *Overworked* PORE.

Sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Sole Proprietors, Boston.
☞ "How to Prevent Pimples," 64 pages, illus., free.

There is more **Practical Value** in the

Steel Clad Bath

(PATENTED)

than in baths costing four times its price. The ONLY strictly SANITARY tub at a LOW cost.

There is no other like it that is not an **infringement** and of **doubtful quality**—doubly dangerous to buy. *Catalogue free from*

STEEL CLAD BATH CO. of New York,
440 to 446 West 26th Street.

Duplicate Whist

simple as the old game with

KALAMAZOO WHIST TRAYS *Used by Leading Whist Clubs*

SIMPLEST TO OPERATE
Kalamazoo Ideal Whist Trays
ASK STATIONER, OR
Ihling Bros. & Everard, Kalamazoo, Mich.

FREE TO F. A. M. An Engraving of the Hall of the Mysteries, also large Catalogue of Masonic books and goods with bottom prices. New Illustrated History of Freemasonry for Agents. Beware of the spurious Masonic books. REDDING & CO., Publishers and Manufacturers of Masonic Goods, 212 Broadway, New York.

SOME HOLIDAY GIFTS

GEORGE WASHINGTON. By Woodrow Wilson, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Jurisprudence, Princeton University. Illustrated by Howard Pyle and Others. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Deckel Edges and Gilt Top, $3 00.

"HARPER'S ROUND TABLE." Volume XVII. With 1276 pages and about 1200 illustrations. 4to, Cloth, Ornamental, $3 50.

THE DWARFS' TAILOR, and Other Fairy Tales. Collected by Zoe Dana Underhill. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 75.

THE COMEDIES OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. With Many Drawings by Edwin A. Abbey, reproduced by Photogravure. Four Volumes. Large 8vo, Half Cloth, Deckel Edges and Gilt Tops, $30 00 net. (*In a Box.*)

FRANCES WALDEAUX. A Novel. By Rebecca Harding Davis. Illustrated by T. de Thulstrup. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

A VIRGINIA CAVALIER. A Story of the Boyhood of George Washington. By Molly Elliot Seawell. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

THE GRAY MAN. A Novel. By S. R. Crockett. Illustrated by Seymour Lucas, R.A. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

AN ELEPHANT'S TRACK, and Other Stories. By M. E. M. Davis. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

TOMALYN'S QUEST. A Novel. By G. B. Burgin. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

GASCOIGNE'S "GHOST." A Novel. By G. B. Burgin. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00.

EXTRAORDINARY CASES. By Henry L. Clinton. With Photogravure Portrait. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $2 50.

NAVAL ACTIONS OF THE WAR OF 1812. By James Barnes. With 21 full-page Illustrations by Carlton T. Chapman, printed in color or tint. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Deckel Edges and Gilt Top, $4 50.

THE SHIP'S COMPANY, and Other Sea People. By J. D. Jerrold Kelley, Lieutenant-Commander U. S. N. Copiously Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $2 50.

THE MYSTERY OF SLEEP. By John Bigelow. Post 8vo, Cloth, Deckel Edges and Gilt Top, $1 50. (*In a Box.*)

New and Uniform Library Editions of

BOOKS BY MARK TWAIN

Crown 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental.

The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn. With Photogravure Portrait of the Author, and other Illustrations, $1 75.

Life on the Mississippi. Illustrated. $1 75.

A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court. Illustrated. $1 75.

The Prince and the Pauper. Illustrated. $1 75.

Tom Sawyer Abroad; Tom Sawyer, Detective, and Other Stories, etc., etc. Illustrated. $1 75.

HARPER'S CONTEMPORARY ESSAYISTS

Uniform in Size and Style. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top.

Aspects of Fiction, and Other Ventures in Criticism. By Brander Matthews. $1 50.

Impressions and Experiences. By W. D. Howells. $1 50.

The Relation of Literature to Life. By Charles Dudley Warner. $1 50.

HISTORY OF THE GERMAN STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY. By Poultney Bigelow, B.A. Copiously Illustrated with Drawings by R. Caton Woodville, and with Portraits and Maps. Two Volumes. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $5 00. (*In a Box.*)

ALONE IN CHINA, and Other Stories. By Julian Ralph. Illustrated by C. D. Weldon. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $2 00.

THE SQUARE OF SEVENS. An Authoritative System of Cartomancy. With a Prefatory Notice by E. Irenæus Stevenson. With Diagrams. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Deckel Edges and Gilt Top, $1 50.

HARPER'S CLASSICAL DICTIONARY. Harper's Dictionary of Classical Literature and Antiquities. Edited by Harry Thurston Peck, M.A., Ph.D., Professor of the Latin Language and Literature in Columbia University, City of New York. With the Co-operation of Many Special Contributors. With nearly 1500 Illustrations, Diagrams, and Maps. Royal 8vo, Cloth, $6 00; Half Leather, $8 00.

LOVE IN THE BACKWOODS. Two Stories: "Two Mormons from Muddiety," "Alfred's Wife." By Langdon Elwyn Mitchell. Illustrated by A. B. Frost. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

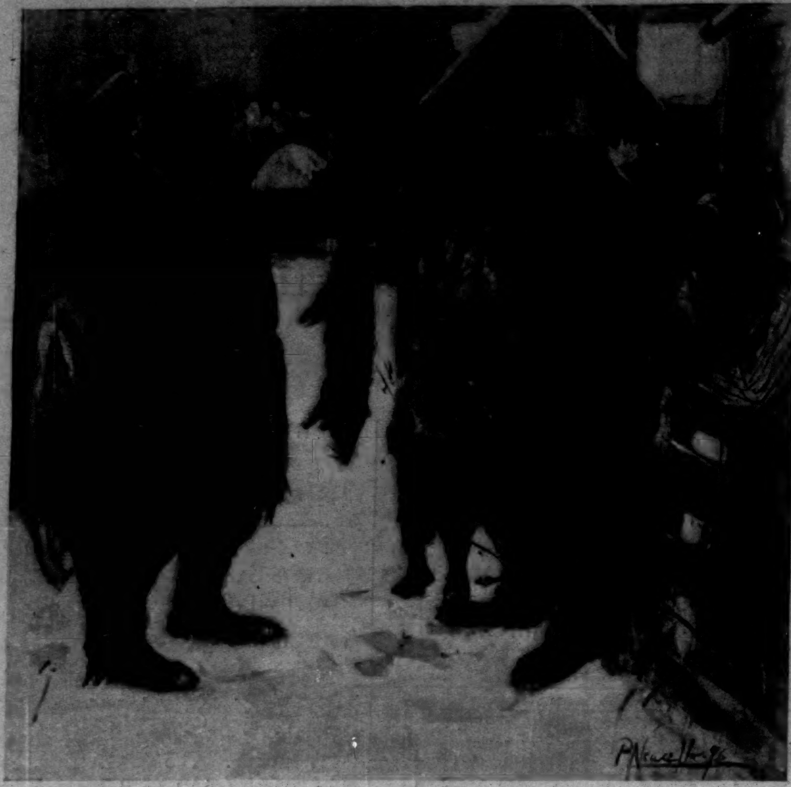
NOVELS BY THOMAS HARDY

Uniform Edition. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $1 50 a volume.

Under the Greenwood Tree.—Wessex Tales.—Desperate Remedies.—A Laodicean.—The Hand of Ethelberta.—The Woodlanders.—The Trumpet Major.—Far from the Madding Crowd.—The Mayor of Casterbridge.—A Pair of Blue Eyes.—Two on a Tower.—Return of the Native.—Tess of the D'Urbervilles, Illustrated.—**Jude the Obscure,** Illustrated.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York

Fastest Trains in the World—On the New York Central.



A DIFFICULT CHRISTMAS PROBLEM.

"Tek you' choice, sah, fo' fifty cents."

Savory Soup

may be made in a few minutes by using as "stock"

Armour's Extract of BEEF.

It will be *digestible soup;* entirely free from grease; delightful in flavor.

Armour & Company, Chicago.

Arnold Constable & Co

Eiderdown Comfortables

Pillows, Down Quilts, Blankets, Flannels.

Table Linens, Lunch Sets.

Tea Cloths, Napkins, Doylies.

Broadway & 19th st.

NEW YORK.

GOLD SEAL = = CHAMPAGNE

EXTRA and SPECIAL DRY.

URBANA, - - - N.Y.

Harper's Catalogue,

Thoroughly revised, classified, and indexed, will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of ten cents.

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR 25 CTS

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

The New Year's Number.

Pall Mall Magazine

Now Ready. 25 Cents. $3 a Year.

With an Etching, "On the Grand Canal, Venice."

Some of the Contents.

ST. IVES. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

WARWICK CASTLE (with Illustrations). By the COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

CURLING (Illustrated). By the LORD ADVOCATE OF SCOTLAND.

CADET LIFE AT WEST POINT. By Lieut. A. HASTINGS BROWN.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1814 ROUND BIARRITZ. By Lieut.-Col. W. HILL JAMES.

HOW TO CELEBRATE THE SIXTIETH YEAR OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S REIGN.

A Woman's View. By the COUNTESS of CORK.

A Soldier's View. Sir EVELYN WOOD, V.C.

A Churchman's View. The ARCHDEACON of LONDON.

New York: The INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO., 83 Duane Street; Montreal: Montreal News Co.; Toronto: Toronto News Co.

Beeman's— THE ORIGINAL **Pepsin Gum**

CAUTION.—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.

The Perfection of Chewing Gum

And a Delicious Remedy for Indigestion and Sea Sickness.

Send 5c. for sample package.

Beeman Chemical Co.

19 Lake St., Cleveland, O.

Originators of

Pepsin Chewing Gum.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889, AND THE CHICAGO EXPOSITION AWARD.

THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

TRADE E&W. MARK

EARL & WILSON'S LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS BEST IN THE WORLD

ROYAL

The absolutely pure

BAKING POWDER

ROYAL—the most celebrated of all the baking powders in the world—celebrated for its great leavening strength and purity. It makes your cakes, biscuit, bread, etc., healthful, it assures you against alum and all forms of adulteration that go with the cheap brands.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

It has been said that hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue. Such is the case with the host of imitations of

Allcock's Porous Plasters

GEORGE DU MAURIER

THE MARTIAN

by GEORGE DU MAURIER, which began in the October number (1896) of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, will be completed in ten numbers. It is profusely illustrated by the Author. The autobiographic value of this story, which expressly deals with the career of a phenomenally successful literary man, will prove not the least of its attractions.

JUST PUBLISHED

ENGLISH SOCIETY

Sketched by George du Maurier. Nearly 100 Illustrations. Oblong 4to, Cloth, Ornamental, $2 50.

IN BOHEMIA WITH DU MAURIER

By Felix Moscheles. With 63 Illustrations by George du Maurier. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Gilt Tops and Uncut Edges, $2 50.

TRILBY

A Novel. By George du Maurier. Illustrated by the Author. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 75; Three-quarter Calf, $3 50; Three-quarter Crushed Levant, $4 50.

PETER IBBETSON

With an Introduction by his Cousin, Lady ***** ("Madge Plunket"). Edited and Illustrated by George du Maurier. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50; Three-quarter Calf, $3 25; Three-quarter Levant, $4 25.

TRILBY SOUVENIR. Photogravures in Portfolio, 50 cents.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York

THE CELEBRATED

PIANOS Are the favorite of the Artist **SOHMER** PIANOS and the refined musical public

NOS. 149 TO 155 EAST 14TH STREET, NEW YORK

CAUTION-- The buying public will please not confound the genuine Piano with one of a similar sounding name of a cheap grade. S-O-H-M-E-R

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.